

The Noble and Renowned
HISTORY
OF
GUY Earl of Warwick:

CONTAINING

A Full and True Account of his
Famous and Valiant Actions,
Remarkable and Brave Exploits, and
Noble and Renowned Victories.

Also his Courtship to fair *Phalice*, Earl
Roband's Daughter and Heiress, and
the many Difficulties and Hazards
he went thorow, to obtain her
Love.

*Extracted from Authentick Records; and the whole
Illustrated with Cuts suitable to the History.*

L O N D O N :

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sesworth*, at the Sign of the Red Lion
on *London-bridge*. 1706.



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TO HIS

Honour'd and Worthy FRIEND,

Mr. *Zachariah Hayward*,
Citizen of LONDON.

Honoured Sir,

TWO things Emboldened me to make this Dedication to you; the one was, the Remembrance of the many Favours I have formerly received from you, which are so deeply engraven in my Breast, that as I never can forget 'em without incurring the black Brand of Ingratitude, so I wou'd fain transmit the Memory of them to Posterity; and make your worthy Name as lasting as that of the great *Guy*, Earl of *Warwick*: Tho' I must acknowledge your self has taken a better Way to transmit your Name, even to the End of Time, by those many living Images of your self, which you will leave behind you, of which the Principal is Mr. *Hyde Hayward*, a very hopeful young Gentleman, and worthy to be the Son of such a Father.

The second Reason that mov'd me to this Dedication, was, The Love which I am sure you have for your native Country; and the Honour you bear to the Memory of those Heroes which have signaliz'd themselves on the behalf hereof in former Ages; of which our noble *Guy* was none of the Meanest: For had he not been one of the chief Worthies of the Age he liv'd in, King *Athelstone*, in whose Reign he flourish'd, wou'd never have ventur'd the whole Realm of *England* upon his Combat with a *Dane*: Which he both undertook and perform'd, to the eternal Honour of the English Nation.

Thus, having given you the Reason of my Presumption in this Dedication, and hoping you will accept it accordingly, I will add no more; but, That your Self and your vertuous Lady may live many Years, to enjoy those Blessings, which Heaven has so bountifully bestow'd upon you, is the sincere Prayer and hearty Desire of

Your obliged humble Servant, G. L.

A

P O E M

In Praise of the following

HISTORY.

*You that in Warlike Stories take Delight,
Come see the noble Deeds of Warwick's Knight:
Whose Worth within this History is plac'd,
Like Diamonds, when they're in Gold inchac'd:
Here you his Armour, bruis'd with Blows may view,
His broken Lance, and his great Faulchion too:
His valiant Combats with his Foes in Field,
His Sword all bloody, and his batter'd Shield:
How lovely in this Drefs does he appear,
Freeing distressed Ladies from their Fear?
His greatest Foes he always made retire,
And those that saw him, cou'd not but admire;
His Courage made the haughty Colebron yield,
And all the Danish Army fly the Field:
Nor only against Men did he prevail,
For he wou'd the most savage Beasts assail:
Witness the monstrous Cow on Dunsmore-heath,
Within whose Bowels he his Sword did sheath:
Witness that Dragon whose envenom'd Breath,
Had almost like t' have been a Lion's Death:
Yet this fell Beast, tho' pointed round with Flame,
To Guy's bright Sword a Victim soon became.
And witness also that prodigious Boar,
Whom his resistless Courage caus'd to rear;*

This

A P O E M in Praise, &c.

*This mighty Monster having stricken dead,
He as a Trophy carry'd off his Head :
He in like manner serv'd a Dragon too,
Who in Northumberland he also slew.
Then who can be compar'd to noble Guy,
Who with his Blood his Fame did always buy ?
He ever was a Stranger unto Fear,
Delighting always in his Sword and Spear.
Here Reader, thou his wondrous Acts may see,
And without Danger a Spectator be
Of all those Dangers which he oft was in,
And by O're-coming did his Honour win :
And as thou read'st, be this remember'd too,
It was an English Man all this did do :
And yet our Guy had not so fierce a Breast,
But Love cou'd in his Bosom take her Rest :
For tho' he'd oft been wounded, yet he found
Fair Phœlice gave to him the deepest Wound.
Upon the Whole, this I dare boldly write,
No Man cou'd better Love, nor better Fight.*

Now in the Press,

THE Unfortunate Concubines : or, The History of fair *Rosamond*, Mistress to King *Henry* the Second ; and of *Jane Shore*, Concubine to *Edward* the Fourth, Kings of England, &c. Shewing how they came to be so ; with their Lives, remarkable Actions, and unhappy Ends. Extracted from eminent Records ; and the whole Illustrated with Cuts suitable to each Subject.

T H E

T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F

G U Y Earl of Warwick.

C H A P. I.

An Account of his Parents, Birth, and youthful Exploits; and how he fell in Love with Earl Roband's beautiful Daughter, who despised his Suit.

I Shall not trouble the Reader with a long Genealogy of the Descent of our Famous *Guy of Warwick*; (the Subject of our ensuing History) it shall therefore suffice to tell the Reader, That in the sixth Year of the Reign of King *Edgar* the Great, this our famous *Guy* was born in the City of *Warwick*; His Father was a Gentleman of *Northumberland*, in which Country he had been (in the time of the *Mercian Kings*) the Possessor of a fair Estate

State: But the Arms of King *Edgar* prevailing over the King of *Mercia*, as well as the rest of the Saxon Kings that constituted the Heptarchy, *Guyraldus Cassibulanius*, (for that was the Name of *Guy's* Father) being engag'd on the behalf of the King of *Mercia*, whose Subject he was, lost his Estate in the Quarrel. And afterwards seeking to mend his Fortune in our more Southern Climates, he came to *Warwick*, and was so well receiv'd of the Gentry there, but especially of Earl *Roband*, who was then the King's Governour both of the Town and Castle, that he made him his Steward, in which Place he so well acquitted himself, that he married the Daughter of an Eminent Knight in that Town, and by her he had a Son, who at his very Birth look'd like a Hero; and whom his Father named *Guy*: and who in process of time became Earl of *Warwick*; whose Life and noble Actions are the Subject of our present History: There was not wanting some Presages of his future Greatness even before he was Born; particularly his Mother, during her Pregnancy, dream'd that she saw *Mars* descend in a bloody Chariot drawn by two fiery Dragons; and telling her that the Infant contain'd in her Womb, shou'd so excel in Arms, that he shou'd be the Glory of this Nation, and the Terror of the

Pagan World : Which Dream she discover'd to the Countess of *Warwick*, above a Month before she was deliver'd of him. And indeed, being born, he gave early Proofs of his being an extraordinary Man ; for he was scarce come to be eight Years old, before he gave the World some early Prognosticks of his great Strength and martial Genius, by beginning to practise Running, Wrestling, throwing Stones, and other Exercises, even above what his young Years were capable of ; exceeding those that were both Older and Bigger than himself ; and for which he was observ'd by all Spectators. And as he grew more towards Maturity, he delighted in Hardships and such Exercises as required both Strength and Labour ; so that at Sixteen there was but few that durst Encounter with him ; for then he wou'd use to enter the Lists, and always came off Victorious : Which coming to Earl *Roband's* Ear, he sent for him, and entertain'd him at Dinner with himself and several of the Gentry of the Conntry ; who were very well pleas'd with his Conversation ; after which he play'd several Prizes before the Earl, carrying the Day, whatever he play'd with.

But by being at the Earl's House, he came to have a sight of the fair *Phelice*, his
beauti-

beautiful Daughter, with whom he was so extreemly taken, that nothing but she cou'd satisfie him. She was indeed so fair, that she cou'd not be seen, without being lov'd : She was so fair, *Venus* herself, cou'd never boast more Beauty ; and had she but been present at the famous Contest between *Juno*, *Pallas* and *Venus*, about the Golden Apples, on which was writ, *Let it be given to the Fairest*, she had certainly born away the Prize from 'em all. And some have affirm'd, that all the Odds between *Venus* and She, was, That *Venus* had a Mole, and she had none : For she had most directly *Venus's* Hair, the same high Forehead and attractive Eyes : The Rosies and the Lillies in her Cheeks were mix'd with that Equality, that none cou'd say which of 'em had the Ascendant ; her Lips were of a perfect Coral-dye, nor cou'd the Ivory match her Teeth for Whiteness : She was indeed from Head to Foot the Mirror of all Comliness ; an English Phoenix, the only supreme Fair ; of whom it was the general Opinion, Beauty cou'd no where but in *Phelice's* Face be found in its Perfection. But these Perfections were so many Daggers sticking poor *Guy* to th' Heart ; for *Guy* imagin'd these charming Looks of hers did unto him dart nothing but Disdain ; and that which his Eyes look'd on with Delight,

light, did nothing else but fill his Heart with Pain : One while her Smiles gave him Encouragement ; another time the Sternness of her Looks toss'd him upon the Billows of Despair. He'd often sigh at the Capriciousness of Fortune, that she shou'd deal so very strangely by him, to give a Wound that Beauty wou'd not heal : Then, recollecting of himself, he'd say, *Fond Man, why will not Beauty heal thy Wound ? Thou wrong'st thy self and thy fair Goddess too ? For who can know a Woman's Heart by her Looks ? And looking on her is all that thou hast done.* Well, now I'll take a Course shall be more resolute : I'll Speak, or let her know my Mind by Writing. But if I should, can I have any hopes, that she wou'd hear my Words, or read my Lines ? She is Earl Roband's Heir, and born too high, to listen to such poor Designs as mine : For tho' I am a Gentleman by Birth, yet I no Earldoms have, nor Lordships neither ; and Women are exceedingly Ambitious ; and mounting up upon the Wings of Pride, do oftner match themselves for worldly Treasure, than for that sacred Love that's far more precious ; which makes some rather wish there were no Gold, than Love shou'd be so basely sold for it. And if my Phælice shou'd be such a One, what will my Words, or Tears, or Sighs prevail ? I only strive against both Wind and Tide, and heap continual Torments on my Soul : Why shou'd I then attempt

with waxen Wings to fly where Phæbus's Chariot burns so brightly? But hold, said he again, thou timorous Lover, and banish Fear, or let thy Passion go: Be resolute, and thou shalt have Success; for Phælice doubtless has a tender Heart; and he that shoots Love's Darts may well befriend thee, because thy Love's so like his Mother's Picture. I am resolved to go to Phælice's Bower, and from as true a Heart as Flesh can yield, intreat her in a happy Hour to hear me, and with kind Pity to remove my Sorrows; to look upon me with a tender Breast, since as her Love's inclin'd, I hold my Life.

This said, he unto Warwick Castle goes, where the rich Jewel of his Heart remained; Earl Roband bids him Welcome, and prepares to entertain him with a Match at Hunting: but he to that lends an unwilling Ear, and to prevent it, pretends sudden Sicknes: The Earl was griev'd at this Alteration, and therefore sent his own Physician to him; who told him that the only Remedy consisted in his being presently let Blood; and that his Body under that Distemper was very difficult and hard to cure.

To which Guy thus replied: Doctor, I do applaud your Judgment, and know full well that what you say is true: I find my self exceeding Ill. But there's a Flower, which if I might but touch, wou'd heal me better far than

all the Skill of Gallen and Hypocrates to boot :
 'Tis called by a pretty pleasing Name, and I
 think Phælix soundeth somewhat like it.

I know it not, reply'd the Doctor to him,
 nor is there in the Herbal any Flower that beareth
 such a Name, as I remember.

Yes, yes, said Guy, I am sure there's such a
 Flower, and that 'tis to be got within this Castle;
 nor doth it grow far off from yonder Tower: But
 Doctor, I can find it out my self, and therefore
 will not give you so much trouble. On which,
 the Doctor left him. Whilst Guy bemoaning
 his unhappy State, sat sighing by a
 Window all alone, which Window had a
 very curious Prospect into a pleasant and
 delightful Garden; in which, as suddenly
 he cast his Eye, he saw the adored Empress
 of his Thoughts, which did so much ex-
 hilerate his Soul, that he despis'd Physi-
 cians and their Potions. Fear now was ba-
 nish'd, and Hope reign'd as King: 'This is
 the lucky time, said Guy to himself, which I
 so long have waited for: Now the bright Sun
 of Fortune shine upon me: Now may I end
 the Grief that Love began, and court my Desti-
 ny while thus she smiles. Now will I enter into
 yonder Shade, to court the only Paragon of Beau-
 ty: Phælice, I come: Now Cupid, now assist
 me. Prepare an Arrow ready for thy Bow, and
 send it to the Heart of her I love. And since
 I never went a Wooing yet, be now Propitious to

me : Give such prevailing Rhetorick to my Tongue, that Phælice's Heart may hang upon my Lips. But above all, grant this, O gentle Cupid, that when I make most solemn Proteſtations of my ſincere and ever-constant Love, ſhe may believe my Words.

Then down with ſpeed he goes unto the Garden, where ſoftly knocking, he was ſoon let in, by a young Maid that waited upon Phælice; who ſeeing him, and thinking, he had been ſent thither by her Father, as he was coming towards her, roſe up to meet him : Whom Guy with Love's enchanting Eye beholding, with a becoming Mein, accoſts her thus :



Faireſt of all the curious Works of Nature,
 whoſe Equal never breath'd in common Air,
 more

more wonderful than any Earth can yield, the bright Idea of Celestial Beauty. Eternal Honour wait upon thy Name: The Suit I have to thee, is much like that which once Leander came to Hero with, hoping thereby to reap more lovely Fruit, than ever Mars gain'd from the Queen of Love, when he out-witted Vulcan: The Present which I bring, is a Heart fill'd with Love, and Love can only satisfie my Soul. Incline then, Madam, to my humble Motion: Compassionate the Grievs that I endure, and let that Life that rests at your Devotion be regarded. With Pity take my dying Heart in Cure, and let it not expire in groaning Torments: Nor burst with Grief, because too well it loves thee: I know, dear Phœlice, that Great Princes love thee, and Deeds of Honour for thy sake have done: But neither King nor Prince can love thee, more, no nor so much as I, tho' but the Son of thy great Father's Steward: For so inestimable is my Love, that whatsoe'er all others shall pretend, can never countervail it.

Whilst thus poor Guy was making Protestations, Phœlice thus interrupts him:

O Gentle Youth, speak not of Love, I pray thee: For that's a thing I have no mind to hear of: Virginity with me shall live and die: Love is compos'd of Play and Idleness, and leadeth only unto vain Delight. Besides, it is in thee too great a Boldness; for thou art Inferiour far to my Degree: And shou'd thy Love

be to my Father told, I know it wou'd procure thee a Reproof. And therefore learn Instruction from the Proverb, That Princely Eagles scorn to catch at Flies. Then if thou in thy Suit wouldest have Success, let thy Desires be equal to thy Fortune, and aim not at those things that are above it. Thou own'st thy self, Princes have courted me; then why should I, that have refus'd their Courtship, stoop down so low, as to my Father's Steward; nay, lower yet, unto his Steward's Son? My Youth and Beauty is but in its Bloom, and I have no mind to throw't away, on one that is so much inferior to me. And with this Answer she departed from him, leaving poor Guy more troubled now, than ever; for now grown almost hopeless in his Love, he never does expect its Comforts more:

*But all his Time he does to Sorrow give,
Wishing each Day the last that he may live.*

C H A P.

C H A P II.

How Guy, after his being despised by Phælice, grew almost distracted; till she being admonished by a Vision, shews herself more favourable unto him.



Loaded with Grief, poor Guy cou'd take no Rest; distracted in his melancholy Mind, refusing all things that delightful seem'd, as harsh, distasteful, and abhorred by him. *Phælice* denies him Love, and flights his Suit; and then what Comfort can the World afford him? He looks like one whom Fate has doom'd to Death: And like *Orestes* in his frantick Fits, he tears the golden Tresses from his Head; or mad *Orlando*, when of Sense depriv'd,

from whom the use of Reason is departed : So fares it with this Love-tormented Man, whose raging Thoughts run all into Disorder : Society he shuns, and keeps alone, accusing Destiny, and cursing Beauty. He is a Friend to none, but hates himself, beyond the Bounds of Nature and of Love : *Venus*, cries he, how are thy Laws forgot, to punish him who never did offend thee? What is the Cause that I am thus rejected? Who interrupts my Love to Beauty's Mirror? I'll drag him hence to roaring *Erebus*, there to be plagu'd with never-ceasing Tortures. I'll to the Court of *Jove*, where my loud Shouts shall, with their Clamour, rend the very Skies. Shall I be cozen'd as *Orpheus* was? Assist me, *Theseus*, to revenge this Wrong. Where's *Rhadamant* that Justice cannot pass? *Euridice* even for a Song is sold. Fiends, Furies, Goblins, Hydra's, for a Fall, I am prepar'd to manage every one of you. I'll mount upon the Back of *Pegasus*, and in bright *Phœbus's* Flames I'll wrap my self. Then will I tumble windy *Aëolus* to sleep in *Thetis's* watry chrystal Lap. From thence I'll post unto the Torrid Zone, to find which Way fair *Phalice's* Love is fled. *Jason* had luck to win the golden Fleece: I like the Skin, but care not for the Horns. Fair *Hellen* was a wanton Grecian Wench. Bold
Mars

Mars will venture ; *Venus* cannot help it :
Trust a fair Face ! Not I : Let him that
list : What's *Hercules* without a Club in's
Hand ?

Thus of his Senses was poor *Guy* deprived ;
thus did he rave, and say he knew
not what, being left by Love as blind as
Cupid's Eyes : Till Reason re-assum'd her
Rule again, and wild disorder'd Passions
cease to tyrannize : For in Nocturnal Vi-
sions *Phælice* saw the Power of Love, and
gave to *Guy* her Heart.

When *Morpheus*, drowsie Sergeant of
the Night, had with his Leaden Key lock'd
up the Sense, and laid on *Phælice's* Eyes
his sable Mace, the Heart-tormentor, *Cu-
pid*, he that wounds and makes, poor Lo-
vers buy their Bargains dear, sends from his
Bow a golden headed Shaft, and wound-
ed *Phælice* in her Maiden-bed ; and to her
Sight presents a Martial Man, in Armour
clad, and fit for all Encounters : Give him
thy Heart, said he, for he deserves it : For
comely Shape and Limbs, Courage and
Valour, the World hath not a Champion
that is like him : Great Honour, Lady,
thou shalt thereby gain, to adorn thy Birth,
that's Noble and Renowned : He shall a-
spire to such a Height of Fame, that Kings
and Princes shall his Friendship covet : He
shall the Glory of his Country be, and by

the Sword perform such wondrous things, that Kings shall court him to become their Champion. Be not ambitious then that thou art High-born, nor be disdainful of a mean Estate. Be not defiled then with a scornful Soul, nor lifted up 'cause Heav'n has made thee fair; for 'tis in vain against my Bow to strive: If I say *Love*; it must and shall be so: Fix not thy Thoughts then upon worldly Wealth, for Coin has no Affinity to Love, although by stealth it draws away the Heart: Nor can these Money-matches e'er be happy; for as the Goods of Fortune do decay, so does that Love which they beget, consume. I know the Sway that golden Treasures bear, by false Illusions, and by base Deceits, and see how Womens Humours now-a-days, runs after Riches to their own Confusion: I see that every abject Country Peasant, with Gold enough can buy a dainty Wife: But, *Phalice*, if thou knew'st as well as I, how much displeas'd Heaven is, at such Abuses, thoud'st scorn that ever Virgins should be sold for Gold and Silver, as your Cattel are. Love must be simple, harmless, plain and pure, and grounded upon a sincere Affection; and it must likewise be reciprocal; or else it is not as it ought to be: Love's inward Thoughts too must in outward Deeds (such as from sacred

Truth.

Truth proceed) concur : Thy Lover comes not for Advancement to thee, because thy Father is a worthy Earl ; nor for Arabian Spice, nor Indian Gems ; but as great *Jupiter* to *Leda* came ; 'twas only to enjoy thy Love and Beauty : Therefore, sweet Virgin, use him well and kindly ; make much of him, embrace him for thy own, and let him in thy Heart have a chief Place ; let him no longer for thee moan and grieve, but when thou seest him next, give him Encouragement ; and in the Arms of thy Affection let him be Embrac'd. — And with that Word *Embrac'd*, he shot, and hit the very Center of her tender Heart : Feeling the Wound, she starts, and then awak'd, being thereby taught to pity smarting Lovers, for *Cupid* to the Head his Arrow drew, because he would be sure it should hit home. With that, she fetch'd a very grievous Sigh, and from her Eyes a Shower of Tears did fall : Where is (quoth she) the gentle Love-God gone, whose Power I find so powerful over all ? O call him back, my Fault I do confess, I have in Love been too too void of Pity : Sweet Boy, solicit for me to thy Mother ; for at her Altars now I'll Sacrifice ; and from henceforth no other I'll Adore : No Goddess in my Ears shall gracious be, but she who hath the all-

subduing

subduing Power of Conquering with Delight obdurate Hearts. Compassion now hath worthy Conquest made of that strong Fort that did Resistance make. To make a League, one Shaft had been sufficient; a League for Life, a Truce that lasts till Death.

Guy more than Life prefers his *Phalice's* Love; *Phalice* loves him, as dear as he doth her; but 'tis, alas, to him as yet unknown, tho' he made his, apparent long before: That now she's his, he don't yet understand; his Wound still bleeds, and there's no Salve apply'd: Till forc'd by's Passion, and the Pain he feels, he boldly thus his second Suit begins:

Phalice, I have been long ago arraign'd, and now I from your Hand expect my Judgment: I have been Prisoner in a Goal of Woe, so long, that now I do demand my Sentence. O speak unto me either Life or Death; for I am quite grown weary of my Life. In that fair Form of thine, if Kindness dwell, express it with [*I love,*] if none there be, then say, [*I cannot unto Love incline.*] Thus thou with me may'st make a quick Dispatch; let then thy Frowns or Smiles declare my Fate: For, for this Kingdom's Crown, I'd not endure those wracking Pains that now I under-

go.

Phae.

Phalice reply'd, 'Tis not at my Dispose, to yield to Love, without my Friends Consent: For then should I be guilty of the Crime of being Disobedient to my Parents: You know my Father's Greatness in the Land; and if he shou'd (as probably he will) refuse the Love of one he thinks too mean; how cou'd we bear the Stroke Disgrace would strike? No Remedy but Death cou'd ease my Sorrow, and Shame wou'd soon become my Winding-sheet.

O doubt not of your Father in this Case, (replied *Guy*) for *Warwick's* noble Earl shall see such Deeds of Valour done by me, he neither will, nor can deny the Match. Enjoyn me what Adventures thou think'st fit, that Wounds and Scars may let my Body blood.

Why then, quoth *Phalice*, make thy Valour shine throughout the World as glorious as the Sun; and I'll to thee give my Heart, Soul and Life; and which shall crown the rest, my truest Love. Let Deeds of Honour by thy Hands be done; and by a Martial Life enhance thy Fame; and for a Recompence of all thy Toil, take *Phalice* for thy true and lawful Wife.

To gain thy Love, said *Guy*, I ask no more; and shall esteem it bought at an easie Rate: O that I were at work, my Task to

The famous History of
to prove, with some such churlish Man as
Hercules.

*Phælice, This Kiss is all that now I crave;
And till I've purchas'd Fame, no more I'll have.*

C H A P. III.

*How Guy, taking Leave of Phælice, took Ship-
ping for France, and landed in Normandy,
where he fought with three Champions, deli-
vering a fair Lady, who was condemn'd to
dye.*



Guy, now by *Phælice* freed from Sorrow's
Thral, arms his great Thoughts with
Honour's Enterprize, and so imbarcking,
sails away for *France*, leaving behind him
England, and his Joy: He seeks for Ene-
mies,

mies, he longs for Foes, and desires nothing more than a fair Opportunity to signalize the Glory of his Arms : And being safe arriv'd in *Normandy*, having escap'd the Fury of a Storm ; *Guy* and the Captain of the Vessel went both ashore, and there refresh'd themselves, but had not long been there, before their Ears were dearn'd with the loud Shouts of a Multitude of People, and with the louder Noise of Drums and Trumpets ; this Warlike Noise extreamly pleas'd our *Guy*, for now he thought there would be Work for him, who wanted nothing more than some Encounter : Therefore enquiring of his Host, the Cause of those loud Noises that he heard without ; he told him, That a beautiful young Lady, whose Name was call'd *Dorinda*, having been ravish'd by the Duke of *Blois* his Son, and charg'd him with the Crime, she was committed by the Duke his Father, unto Prison, as one that had accus'd him falsely of the Crime ; and that three Ruffians were suborn'd to swear, she laid that Crime to him on purpose to prevent his Marriage with the Princess of *Parma*, that she might be reveng'd for Breach of Promise made to her ; which so incens'd the old Duke, that he condemn'd her to be burnt, unless she had a Champion to vindicate her Innocence,

by

by fighting with her three Accusers : This News pleas'd *Guy*, who was resolv'd to vindicate the Innocent, and lay here a Foundation for his future Fame: So that enquiring farther into it, and finding that the Cause he was about to undertake, was just, he presently gave order for his Horse and Arms to be got ready; and so accoutring himself in his Warlike Habiliments, he took his Leave of his Host and of the Captain, who had in vain endeavour'd to dissuade him from it: And having desir'd the Captain (who would willingly have gone along with him) to wait for his Return, he rid to the Place of Combat, where he saw the Lady fasten'd to the Stake with several Friends about her, lamenting for her hard Fate: *Guy* scarce had time to take a View of her, before those Villains who had falsely accus'd her, enter'd the Lists well Arm'd and Mounted, and proudly wheeling to the Right and Left, they made a stand, one of them demanding in a very haughty manner, Whether any there present durst enter the Lists to vindicate the Innocence of that condemn'd Criminal? Let him come forth, and I shall soon (said he) make him repent his rash and unadvised Undertaking. This set *Guy* all on Fire, who thereupon entering the Lists, rid up, and said, Yes, here's

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here's a Man, thou perjur'd Villain, that
dares vindicate a wronged Lady's Honour;
and know, that I so little fear you, that
I'll revenge her Quarrel, not singly, with
one only, but with you altogether, that
so the Matter may be sooner ended: This
Speech of *Guy's* so much enrag'd his Ad-
versary, that giving order for the Trum-
pets sounding, both couch'd their Spears,



and so encounter'd each other; and with
so much Fury, that the Earth trembl'd
under them; but *Guy* had so much the Ad-
vantage, that coming with his Spear di-
rectly on his Adversary's Breast, he found
a Passage thro' it to his Heart, so that he
strait fell down, and with one Groan ex-
pir'd. The remaining Combatants vow-
ing

ing Revenge for their Companion's Death, charg'd both with desperate Fury upon *Guy*, who thereupon drew out his massy and well-temper'd Blade, and brandishing it in his Hand, soon made 'em feel 'twas like the Sword of Fate, which there was no withstanding; so that one falling dead by his Companion, and th' other being wounded, begg'd on his Knees that Life he had so justly forfeited; which that he might more easily obtain, he made a free Confession of his Crime, and shew'd how they had all been hired to accuse the Lady, by *Philbertus* the Duk's Son, who really was guilty; and for a thousand Crowns has hir'd 'em all to bear false Witness for him, against that Lady whom he had abus'd.

This full Discovery caus'd thro' all the Field a universal Shout; each magnifying the Valour and the Generosity of *Guy*; and we may be assured the Lady was not behind-hand in sounding out the Praise of her Deliverer; but who this generous Stranger was, was what all wish'd to know, but none cou'd tell. When he alighted and unbound her, she joyfully Embrac'd his Knees, imploring of a thousand Blessings on his Head; Offering what Rewards he pleas'd to have: But he refus'd 'em all, telling her what he did, was out of Love to Virtue and to Honour. But wish'd her to
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Death, n Guy, and g it in ke the with- y his ded, d fo more n of all rtus and to la- he g d e- r- e-
 take Care for her own Safety, by timely getting out of the Duke's Power, lest he shou'd use some other means to take away her Life. So bidding her Farewel, he rid back to the Ship, and there related to the Captain what befel him; who with no little Joy heard the Relation. Yet after some Consideration, it was judg'd best to stay no longer in that Harbour, and so they weigh'd their Anchors, and sail'd out to Sea.

*Thus did brave Guy a treble Victory win,
 Or else the Lady in bad Plight had bin.*



C H A P. IV.

How Philbertus the Duke of Blois's Son hearing what Guy had done, followed him to Sea; where a dreadful Fight happened between them, in which Philbertus and his Men were taken Prisoners.

AS much haste as *Guy* and the Captain made to get out of the Harbour, yet they were not got altogether out of Danger: For *Philbertus* being inform'd that one *Guy*, a Native of *England*, had not only overcome his Knights of the Post, but that his Villany was also thereby discover'd, and the injur'd Lady freed, and got out of his reach, it made his Anger boil up to the utmost pitch of Rage, threatening to wreak his Malice on the Head of *Guy*, for doing him so great an

an Injury : And therefore secretly arm'd Sixty of his Servants and Attendants, and with them made all the haste imaginable to the Port where he had Information *Guy's* Ship lay ; as thinking to surprize him and the Lady there together : But finding himself disappointed, and that *Guy* had set sail three Hours before his coming, his Disappointment made his Rage boil higher, especially believing *Guy* fled for fear of him ; and that he was also conveying the Lady away with him : Whereupon going on board a stout Vessel that lay in that Harbour, he commanded them to weigh Anchor, and make all the Sail they cou'd after the English Ship, whom by a small Boat just come into Port, he was inform'd was sail'd to the Eastward : The Marri-ners immediately got ready, and having a fair Wind, and the Ship being a very good Sailer, in the running of a Glas and an half, they came within sight of the Ship where-
in *Guy* was. No sooner was the French Ship come in sight, but the Marriners gave notice of it to their Captains, who veiwing of the Ship with his Prospect-Glas, told *Guy* that he was sure they were pursu'd : And that the Enemy being treble their Number, their best way was to hoist up all their Sails, and make the best of their Way ; and that then by the help of the.

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Evening, he did not doubt but to get clear of 'em: Why how many Ships said *Guy*, are they that chase us? Why said the Captain, I discern no more than one at present; but 'tis a good stout Ship, and carries thrice the Men on board that we do. Well, well, said *Guy*, if that be all, be of good Courage; and the first thing we do, let's tack about, and meet 'em like courageous English Men; I'll bear the Brunt of War my self alone. I wou'd not for the Crown of France, I'll swear, have it reported that *Guy* ever fled. This Speech had that Effect upon the Seamen, that one and all cry'd, Let's Engage 'em strait: Nor



did the Captain now appear less willing: And so they cry'd, All Hands aloft, to put them in a posture of Defence; which they'd no sooner done, but up the French Ship comes

comes and grapples 'em ; this *Guy* was glad to see, hoping he shou'd be with 'em presently, and therefore he gave Orders to let the French boar'd 'em without much Difficulty ; who by that means supposing they had been Victorious, gave such a Shout as Victors do at Land. This Insolence made *Guy* so lay about him, each Blow he struck had more than humane Force, and in few Moments all the Deck was nothing but a Scene of Blood and Slaughter ; no Armour was of Proof against his Sword, for at each Blow fresh Streams of Blood ran down : *Philbertus* was amaz'd at the dismal Sight, and wish'd himself in his own Ship again ; and order'd those few that were left alive, if possible, to get to his own Ship, and then immediately ungrapple ; Which *Guy* perceiving, having clear'd his Deck, soon leap'd on Board of the French Ship, and singly there maintain'd a bloody Fight, hewing 'em down with so much Fury, that many of 'em to escape his Sword, leap'd into th' Sea. *Philbertus* seeing this, gave all the Encouragement to his Men that was possible ; and as one now grown desperate, charg'd on *Guy's* Helmet with such force, as made it sparkle Fire ; at which undaunted *Guy* return'd him such a Blow, as at his Feet made him fall down for dead, which made the Soldiers all throw

throw down their Arms, and cry aloud for Quarter: And thereupon *Guy*, who was always merciful to conquer'd Foes, ended the Battle, commanding all his Men to fight no more; in which time *Philbertus* came to himself again, and with a low Submission begg'd his Life, which *Guy* as freely gave him. And having remov'd him and the rest into his own Ship, set fire to that of *Philbertus*, and saild on his intended Voyage, coasting along the Shoar, until they touch'd upon that Part of *Narmondy* that borders upon *Germany*; where *Guy* with an undaunted Courage, landed; and there was welcom'd with the pleasing News, that a great Tilt and Turnament was to be held for *Blanch* the Emperour's Daughter, a beautiful and an accomplish'd Lady, who was to be the Victor's Prize, who thereby had a Right to marry her, and to have with her a Brace of Greyhounds, a Faulcon, and a Milk-white Steed. Upon this welcome News, *Guy* discharges the Captain of the Vessel, leaving the Prisoners with him, to dispose of at his Pleasure; who putting them to their Ransom, obtain'd their Liberty; while *Guy* with eager haste rid to this Royal Tilting.

*And flush'd with Victory already won,
Thought greater things might by him now be done.*

C H A P. V.

How Guy triumph'd over all the German Princes, and won the beauteous Blanch, the Emperour's Daughter, and after, leaving her, return'd for England.



Guy, of the Captain having took his leave, goes where there was more Business to be done: For hearing that there was to be a Meeting of valiant Knights from divers Christian Lands, that did intend to run the Race of Valour, for which a great Advantage was propounded, 'twas charming Musick to his greedy Ear: The Prize that drew them all unto this Place, was Daughter to the Almain Emperour, fair *Blanch*, whose wondrous Face had that attractive Power, that it united all the Graces in her: 'Twas thither all the Worthies

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posting came; Who won the Damsel (for so was the Law) by Manly Courage, and Victorious Might, should have her mounted on a Milk-white Steed, attended with two Greyhounds and a Faulcon, all of the same Colour (if White may be so call'd :) This was his Lot that could attain the Day, to bear away the Honour and the Maid. Our English Knight, prepares him for the Field, where Kings and Princes also present were, and Dukes and Earls a great Assembly held, about that wondrous fair and beauteous Prize. Tho' only one must speed, and hundreds miss, yet there each Man imagines *Blanch* his own. The spacious Field wherein they were assembled, hardly afforded room for the armed Knights: The golden glittering Armour that was there, darted the Sun-beams back unto the Clouds: The pamper'd Horses proudly pranc'd about, to hear the Clangor of the Trumpets sound.

A German Prince of an undaunted Spirit, did the first Onset and Encounter give, unto an Earl, whose Valour did requite him with Blow for Blow, as resolutely brave; till by a Stroke on's Head, the Earl receiv'd, he was unhors'd, falling to the Ground for dead.

Next *Guy* with Courage to the Prince came forth, and fights just like another

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Hercules; like Force he never felt before, nor since; nor ne're was put unto such hard Extreame: Just where himself had laid the Earl before, there down comes he, both Horse and Man to the Ground.

Duke *Ottion* seeing this, was in a Rage, and with such wrathful Humours was incens'd, he vow'd by Heaven, that nothing should appease his Fury but the Death of that proud Foe: Prepare thee now (quoth he) to breathe thy last, Monster or Devil, whatsoe're thou be: They joyn together in a dreadful Fight, the clattering Armour sounds, the Splinters fly, and the ascending Dust won't let them see; their Blood allays it, streaming from their Wounds: Both their Swords break; they 'light, and with main Force *Guy* threw the Duke to the Ground, that's Bones did crack.

Duke *Rainer* would revenge his Cousin then, and for the Encounter next of all prepares; I see (quoth *Guy*) that you are less than Men, that with a Blow or Fall are vext so soon: But come and welcome, I am ready for you: We say, in *England*, The Weakest must to the Wall. Then they together rush'd, and shook the Ground, whilst animating Trumpets sound the Alarm: In *Rainer's* Shoulder *Guy* made such a Wound, that he soon lost the Use of his right

right Arm ; who thereupon yielded himself as vanquish'd.

Then for a while all stood amaz'd at *Guy*, none being forward to encounter him, till *Lovain's* Duke resolv'd to try his Fortune, having good hope that he might better speed : Then sitting fair on a proud Steed that ill endur'd the Bit, well mounted and well arm'd : I think, quoth he, thou some Enchanter art, that in thine Arm the Force of Magick hast. I'll teach thee to believe, e're I have done, quoth *Guy*, for thou shalt feel that I can charm ; I'll conjure with no other Spell but Iron, by which I'll send thee unto Heaven or to Hell : With that he gave him such a cruel Stroke, that he could but a weak Reply return : Then with a second and a third he broke his Helmet. With that, Hold, hold, cry'd he, I have enough ; I'll rather yield than die : Let them fight for a Woman that desire it ; I think the Devil scarce can deal with thee.

Then not a Man more would encounter him, they all were terrify'd, and stood in Fear, and against *Guy* were all filled full of Rage : What, said they, shall a Stranger bear the Honour of this great Day ? What cursed Fortune's this, that he should have the Glory of the Field ? Amongst themselves they curs'd his Hap-

pineness, and could have kill'd him, but that no Man dar'd put his own Life in Hazard by so doing. If Wishes might have done it, he had dy'd, but there was no Man durst attempt to fight him.

The Emperour then sent a Knight for *Guy*, asking his Name, and what his Birth and Country? Which he told him. Then said his Majesty, I must commend thy haughty Courage, resolutely bold: Brave English Man, thou art thy Country's Pride; in *Europe* lives not such another Man: I do admire thy Worth, great is thy Valour; my Tongue cannot suffice to speak thy Praise: Ascend to Honour's just deserved Seat, thou art a second *Hector* in mine Eyes: This Day thy worthy Hand has shew'd me more, than in my Life before I ever saw. Come and receive thy due Desert of me, my Daughter's Love is free at thy Dispose; the Greyhounds, Steed and Falcon take to thee, thy Worthiness does merit more than these: Hold, here's a Jewel, wear it for my sake, which shall be as a Witness of my Love.

Guy thank'd his Highness for his gracious Favours, and vow'd him Service whilst his Life did last: Then to the Princess, with a mild Behaviour, he cast a reverent, humble, modest Look, saying, Fair Lady, Fortune is my Friend, that such a Beauty

Beauty to my Lot is given; Madam, accept your loyal English Knight, to do you Service when you shall command it; who while he hath a Drop of Blood to spend, will sacrifice it all on your behalf, against whoe'er shall dare to contradict you. Too high it is for me to be your Husband: It is enough to be your Servant *Guy*. In *England* doth my Marriage-love remain, to whom I must and will be true for ever; about whose Face, such Pains hath Nature took, I durst have sworn, Flesh never could have match'd it: But now I find, and ever shall acknowledge it, there is a Phoenix in the World besides her, and that's your self: And I dare all Mankind to say one Tittle that shall contradict it: But which is fairest, there's no Eye can tell; no humane Judgment in the World can try it; or positively say which hath most Beauty, *Blanch*, or my fair Bride: I dare be bold to call your Beauties Twins; and that compar'd unto either of you, *Venus* her self was but a Blackamore. O *Phelice*! Here's thy Picture in this Princess: Methinks thou art present in her lovely Looks. Thou that of my Soul's Faculties art Mistress, recorded in Time's brazen-leaved Book, if I to thee prove false, even in Thought, and much more in my Actions, *Jove's* fearful Vengeance light upon my Head. C 3 Quoth

Quoth *Blanch*, Thy Constancy (and then she sigh'd) is highly to be prais'd, and thou applauded: He that Love's Promise will not faithful keep, in Horrors and in Torments let him dwell. But I suppose thy Vows are yet unmade, and so what thy Sword won, thy Heart may take.

Madam, said *Guy*, what I avouch, is true, and I dare call ev'n Heaven to witness it. My Protestations are above the Skies; and he who made them, knows I speak the Truth. Madam, the Sun declines, and the Day grows ancient; I'll therefore humbly take my leave of you: For now my Body's to Repose inclin'd, altho' my troubled Mind can take no Rest; my restless Mind is now in *Warwick*-castle, altho' my Body be in *Normandy*. Here I make others bend, but there I bow, and lie as lowly as the humble Ground; even at Love's Feet to the Ground I cast my self. Though Victory my Temples here have crown'd, I cannot stay, I must to *England* back: My Mind misgives me *Phelice* is not well: Like my sad Thoughts, my Armour shall be Black, and in a mournful Iron-shell I'll suit me. For where the Mind suspicious Cares does meet with, Distrust is ever dealing doubtful Shares. Yet I have much good Fortune on my side, that know the Means how to attain my Bliss;
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for *Phalice* ties her Love unto Conditions,
and she for this, I trust will be my own :
By this she may, but if she more request,
there's nothing in the World that I'll de-
ny her.

With hasty Journey therefore home he
goes, leaving the Vulgar unto nine Days
Wonder. And being safe arriv'd on En-
glish Ground, he unto *Phalice* posted ; for
too long he thought each Minute that he
staid away : And coming to her Presence,
he beholds her with greater Joy, and
with more chearful Looks, than Pen can
write, or can by Tongue be told.

What Tongue can tell, what Pen can write
[how sweet,
Are absent Lovers Joys, when once they meet !

C H A P. V.

How Guy returning to Warwick, was receiv'd by Phælice; by whom he was sent forth again to seek new Adventures, but before he went, destroy'd a monstrous Dun Cow upon Dunsmore-heath.



Phælice having receiv'd the News of *Guy's* Arrival on the English Shore, and of the mighty Fame he had acquir'd, by all the Warlike Deeds his Hands had done, expected soon to see him at her Father's Castle, preparing to receive him according to his Worth, and to the great Affection she had for him. Nor did her Expectations fail her, for *Guy* made all the haste a Man could make, to lay the Prize
of

of all his glorious Conquests at her Feet. Where being come, after Salutes, and mutual Embraces, *Guy* thus bespoke her :

Fair Foe, said he, I come to challenge thee ; for there's no Man that I can meet will fight : I have been where a Crew of Cowards are, but none that dare maintain the Rights of Ladies ; good, proper, and well-spoken Men indeed, but let me win a Princess from them all : *Phalice*, this Sword hath won an Emperour's Daughter, as sweet a Wench as any lives in *Europe* ; I bought her at the Price of Blood and Wounds ; well worth my Bargain ; but thy better Face hath made me leave her to some other Lot : For I protest by Heaven I could not love her. This stately Steed, this Faulcon, and these Hounds I took, as in full Payment of the rest : For I have always kept my Love to thee inclos'd within the Center of my Heart. My Constancy to thee I've still preserv'd, leaving all other Women as they are. But say, my *Phalice*, shall I now obtain thee ? Wilt thou consent that *Hymen* tie our Hands ? Art thou resolved still to keep thy Vow, that none but I shall ever have thy Heart ? Canst thou forsake the World, change thy Condition, and now become thy faithful Lover's Wife ?

To whom fair *Phelice* thus reply'd again :
Know, worthy Knight, my Joys have been
enlarg'd, at the Report of thy great Deeds
abroad: Some were, I hear, in such a bloody
Sweat, their Valour, Fame, and Reputati-
on bleeds. Therefore, my *Guy*, I give thee
humble Thanks that thou for me so much
didst undergo, and for my sake such hard
Adventures made. To win a Princess was
a precious Prize: But sure methinks if I
Sir *Guy* had been, the greater Favour shou'd
from me have found, than take a Horse,
and turn a Lady by: What is a Horse, a
Faulcon, and a Hound, more worthy than
so beautiful a Lady? Perhaps you'll say 'twas
done for love of me; I do imagine, nay,
believe it is: And though I jest, I will do
more for thee, than thou, or any but my
self doth know: I'll never marry while
Life's Glasse doth run, but only to thyself.
But give me leave, my Love, to speak my
Mind, let me lock up my Secrets in thy
Breast, I had a Vision did Affection move;
Cupid came to me, whilst I slumbering lay,
and in my Mother's Name commanded
me to love thee: And whilst he was to
this^e perswading me, an armed Man, just
as I see thee now, he set before my Eyes,
and thus he spake: *Phelice*, be gentle-heart-
ed, bow and yield, and don't the Sove-
raign Power of Love oppose; but all thy
Loy-

Loyalty, thy Truth, thy Love, bestow it freely on this matchless Youth : Throughout the World his Fame admir'd shall be ; and mighty Men shall tremble at his Wrath, to end the Quarrels of great Kings shall he be often courted : His Worthiness no common Path shall tread ; but Actions to be fear'd, he shall effect ; and bring to pass things of the greatest Moment. This in Effect, he did to me relate, and to his Will I have obedient been. Now how to hate thee, if I would, I know not : For I've of perfect Kindness learnt the Skill. Believe me, *Guy*, for if it were not thus, this Secret of my Heart thou should'st not know. But now, my Love, before thou dost possess thy constant *Phalice* in her Marriage-bed, thou must far greater and more worthy Deeds perform, than what thou hast already done : The winning of a Lady and her Steed, are but small things to what thou yet must do : I'll ever love thee, tho' thou ne'er dost more, but cannot grant the use of Love till then.

Quoth *Guy*, Not grant the use of Love, fair *Phalice* ! Then I perceive, I must again go Travel, and see what Fate has for me still to do : I will content thee, Love, one way or other ; and either slay, or else be slain my self, e're I into this Realm again return ; and thou confess I have thy Dream
ful-

fulfill'd. Assist me, Heaven, as I sincerely mean, for I protest by all the Powers above, no unjust Quarrel e'er shall make me fight, nor yet to wrong the Wronged will I e're incline : For those that by Oppression fall, I'll stand ; in Honour's Cause, my Life I'll freely venture : Come, my *Bellona*, my Sword do thou girt on, and in thy Ivory Arms embrace my Armour ; and such kind Kisses as thou canst afford, bestow upon me in the stead of Charms. Upon *Ulysses's* loving Wife I think, and how thou now her Life dost imitate. Farewel, my *Phelice*, Health and Happiness attend thee to thy Heart's Desire for ever ; and like Success, I beseech God to grant me, as I my Love to thee shall keep intire. When War's stern Looks abroad I have perform'd, at my Return *Hymen* will make Amends.

Unto Earl *Roband* next does *Guy* repair, and tells him, He is come to take his leave ; for he must go where Honour finds him Work ; and there receive the just Rewards of Vertue. At home, my honourable Lord, said he, I find that Valour has no Stage to act on, I'll therefore search what's to be done abroad ; from Kingdom unto Kingdom I will go, and find out Work, for no good comes of Idleness ; it only brings Men up to Sloath and Cowardice ; and I hate Cowards as I hate the Devil. To

To which the noble Earl return'd, Dear *Guy*, thou mak'st me grieve at this sad News; and so much more, because thou disappointest me: The News is more than I can well endure. I hop'd I should enjoy thy wish'd-for Company, and that thou wouldest go no more abroad; and now thou speak'st of making new Adventures. O change thy Mind, brave *Guy*, and stay with me; no longer trust to Fortune's treacherous Smiles; though now she hath so kindly dealt with thee, yet she may leave thee to an unlucky Hour, and turn her many Favours into Frowns. Her Kindnesses are most unconstant Things: With Kings themselves she often deals most falsely. And therefore tho' thou now triumphant sittest, and with Fame's Triumph dost maintain thy Glory, O do not over-rashly hazard it. Lost Honour is not easily got again: Think with thy self, Mayn't one unhappy Accident betray thee unto thy insulting Foe; may not a Monster, or a savage Beast at unawares deprive thee of thy Breath? May not a Tyrant, when thou thinkest on't least, cut off thy Life by an untimely Death? May not ten thousand Dangers thee besal, where but thy self, thy wronged self must right?

To this, *Guy* answer'd thus, My Noble Lord, that Man of Dangers must not be

afraid, that to Adventures doth himself dispose; but must supported be with Resolution, and for his Foes still think himself too good: I'll never fear I shall be overcome, whilst I have Hands to fight, or Legs to stand. Therefore in humble sort I'll leave your Honour, wishing all Health unto your happy State: If Fortune means to change her side and frown, yet she shall see that I'll disdain her Hate. What Star soever sway'd when I was born, I have a Mind will laugh at all Misfortunes.

The Earl perceiving him resolv'd to go, told him, That he would be no Remora to his Proceedings, and only would ask one Request of him before he went: *Guy* told him, Whatsoever he ask'd that was within his Power to perform, he should not be deny'd: Then said the Earl, 'Tis this, That when you are once again come safe to *England*, you'll go abroad no more, but live at home with me. Which *Guy* having promis'd him, prepar'd for his Departure, and soon after took his Leave, going to the Sea-side, there to embark for *France*.

Being come there, and ready to embark, the Wind (which often blows from different Quarters) proved contrary, and so continued for six Days together, during which time, Fame thro' each Corner of the Land, had

had made a mighty Noise of an exceeding great and monstrous Cow, lurking within the Woods not many Miles from *Warwick*, and making there most dreadful Devastations, destroying Man and Beast, and putting all their Keepers unto Flight, being so mighty strong and swift in Motion, that it was thought no Humane Force could possibly destroy it; and some good Authors do affirm, that ~~she~~ was at the least four Yards in Height, and six in Length, and had an Head proportionable, with two sharp Horns growing direct, with Eyes resembling Lightning, for their Fieriness; and was of a Dun colour, and from thence named the *Dun-cow*; and the Place where she lay being on the Borders of a great Heath, was from thence called *Dunsmore-heath*, which Name it still retains unto this Day.

Upon the Notice which was given to the King (who was then at *York*) of the Havock and Slaughter which was made by this monstrous Creature, he offered the Honour of Knighthood, and several other Priviledges and Immunities, to any that would undertake to destroy it: But such was the Terror she had spread throughout the Country, that none was found so hardy as to adventure himself on such a dangerous Enterprize; and the Absence of *Guy*,
(who

(who by this time was suppos'd to be in *France*) was generally lamented, all believing he would have undertaken this more than Herculean Labour.

Guy (who was all this while waiting *Incognito* for a fair Wind) being inform'd by the Captain of the Ship, that the Wind would continue for some time in that Quarter, hearing the Discourse of the Country, and hating to be idle, resolved privately to go and engage with this Destroyer of his Country; and so taking his Sword, a strong Battel-ax and his Bow and Quiver with him, he rid *Incognito* to the Place where this Monster used to lodge, which was in a great Thicket of Trees, which grew on the side of the Heath, near a Pool of standing Water; finding (as he rid along) the Cottages and Houses everywhere thereabouts deserted, and the Carcasses of Men and Beasts lie scattered round about; which fill'd him with great Pity and Compassion for his Country, and extream Resentment against that monstrous Destroyer.

Being come at last within Bow-shot of the Place, the Monster espy'd him, and thrusting her Head thro' the Thicket, her dreadful Eyes were enough to fill any Heart with Terror, but that of the courageous and intrepid *Guy*, who notwithstanding her

her horrid Roaring, soon bent his Bow of Steel, and as he was one of the expertest Archers *England* then could boast of, drawing his Arrow to the Head, let fly ; which striking on the Monster's Hide, rebounded back as from an Adamantine Wall, without the least Impression being made ; at which, whilst *Guy* was in some Admirati- on, the dreadful Beast, swift as the Eastern Wind, came running towards him, with her sharp-pointed Horns, aiming directly at him ; which he observing, lifted his Battel-ax on high, and in the Forehead struck her such a Blow, as made her to recoil, and roar most hideously, and yet, in- raged more, came on again ; and clapping of her Horns upon his Breast, dented his Armour, tho' of highest Proof, before he could avoid her ; but wheeling of his war- like Steed about, met her again, and with redoubled Strokes, gave her a desperate Wound under the Ear, the only place she could be wounded in so sensibly ; whereat she again roar'd, snorted and stamp'd up- on the Ground : And by this, *Guy* percei- ving she was mortal, follow'd that Stroke with others no less forcible ; by which at last she fell upon the Ground ; and *Guy* al- lighting from his Horse, hew'd her so long, that through her impenetrable Skin, he batter'd her, till with a horrid Groan

Groan she breath'd her last. Then leaving her delug'd almost in her own Blood, he rid to the next Town that was inhabited, and there made known the Monster's Death, to the great Joy of the Inhabitants; the People loading him with Presents, which they forc'd him to accept, and honouring him with Thanks; and all the Country coming in to see that Monster dead, which, when alive they stood so much in Fear of.

And tho' *Guy* thought to get away before the King had Notice of it, yet Fame was swifter far than *Guy*; and he was sent for by the King e're he could get on Ship-board; and so was forc'd to go to *York*; where he was no sooner arriv'd, but the King embrac'd him; and after a splendid Entertainment, he gave him the Order of Knighthood, and many rich Gifts; causing one of the Ribs of the said Monster to be hang'd up in *Warwick* Castle. And *Guy* having departed from the King very well satisfy'd with his Entertainment, and the Wind now serving, he goes on board to seek fresh Adventures out in foreign Lands.

*Where he so many wondrous things did do,
As stagger'd Faith, and non-pluss'd Reason too.*

C H A P. VII.

How Guy, with Heraud and two other Knights was assaulted by sixteen Villains that lay in Ambuscade for him in a Wood, whom he destroyed; having killed two, and wounded the other of his Knights: And afterwards assisted the Duke of Lovain, who was besieg'd by the Emperour, &c.



NOW Guy expects a favourable Gale, and has it even to his Heart's Desire, and with a speedy Passage doth he sail to seek Adventures once again in *France*, where finding none, from thence away he goes to *Lovain*, where the Emperour besieg'd the Duke thereof, because he had the Unhappiness to kill the Emperour's Cousin, whom he greatly loved, and therefore took his Death exceeding ill; and there-

thereupon a Quarrel did arise, and Wars ensued between two mighty Foes: Thither goes *Guy* to lend the Duke his Aid; but in the Way a Plot to take his Life, was by the false Duke *Otton* basely laid, altho' 'twas not effected; for *Guy* so well about him laid that it succeeded not: The matter was, *Otton* before in *France* by *Guy* disgrac'd, had vow'd where-ever he met him, he should die. And to that end, sixteen appointed were to lie in Ambush that they might surprize him; and were all resolute, and void of Fear, who in a Forrest sily hid themselves; and on a sudden all surrounded *Guy*, who only was attended with three Knights, and never before was *Guy* in like Distress: But seeing how it was, Now, Friends, said he, shew yourselves right-bred English Gentlemen: Here is indeed some Odds, sixteen to three; but I, the fourth, will stand you in some stead; you three shall combate six, that's two to one, and leave the other ten alone to me: With that he drew his Sword, and laid about him, dealing such hardy Blows amongst them all, that in the Air their ratling Armour eccho'd, and down they quickly drop'd on every side; so that here lay a Man without his Legs, and there another without Head or Hand. *Guy* quickly made Dispatch of his half score,

nor

nor was he long in ridding them away :
But there remained half a dozen more,
which had slain two of his beloved Knights;
which he no sooner knew, but strait he
stamp'd upon the Ground, and with a fear-
ful angry Tone, he utter'd forth these
Words: Ah Villains! how my Soul ab-
hors this Sight; for these how my reven-
ging Passions strive! This Bloody Deed
with Blood I will repay: You die, tho'
you had each a thousand Lives: Two you
have slain out-right, and wounded *Herand*,
which is the last curs'd Act that you shall
do: And then with Force, almost exceed-
ing all that any Humane Arm could ever
boast, he lays upon them Blows which
made them stagger, and quickly brought
them breathless to the Ground: At length
cut all in Piece-meals for the Fowls, Lie
there (quoth *Guy*) and feast the hungry
Crows; or feed the savage Beasts that hi-
ther come. But for these worthy Gentle-
men that here have lost their Lives in the
Defence of me, and for my sake left *Eng-
land's* pleasant Soil, them I'll inter in ho-
nourable wise, with what Solemnity the
Place affords, and be my self a Mourner
at their Funeral.

From thence unto a Hermit not far off
he rid, and did with Care that Charge
commit, who did that Office carefully per-
form,

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form, and bare home wounded *Heraud* to
his Cell, who was not dead (tho' *Guy* sup-
pos'd him slain) but quickly by the Her-
mit was recover'd.

Now forth goes *Guy*, sad, pensive, and
perplex'd, grieving that Destiny had dealt
so hardly, to take away his dear-lov'd
Company, and leave him as he travell'd
all alone, none that could ease the Tor-
ments of his Mind. But in his lonely soli-
tary Travel, at last his Fortune brought
him to a Place, that was for Honour very
much renown'd, and there he met with
Tilts and Turnaments which entertain'd
him with Delight and Glory: And there
kind Fortune gave him her Consent to win
the Prize from every valiant Knight; of
all the worthy Men that thither came, not
one could match him in Duke *Reyner's*
Court.

Then to the Duke of *Millain* he repairs,
where he's admir'd of all for his great
Worth; and understanding some Affairs
of Weight fell out betwixt Duke *Segwin* of
Lovain, and the Emperour, he from the
Duke of *Millain* went his way, and forth-
with took his Journey to *Lovain*. But as
he pass'd upon the Way, he met a Pilgrim
that with Travel seemed faint, whom in
all humane Courtesie he greets, and with
some News entreats him to refresh his
long-

longing Ear. He, with a Sigh or two, said, Sir, With News I have but little Business, there is but one thing in the World I care for, and only that and nothing else I mind: I seek a Man, but seek him in Despair, because I long have sought, but cannot find him; a Man more nearly ty'd unto my Soul, than all the Men in the whole World beside.

Thou speakest, said *Guy*, like one that has some Gratitude: But tell me, pray, what Man art thou? And what is he, for whom thou hast exprest so great a Kindness?

I am an English Man, of Knight's Degree, quoth *Heraud*, and the Subject of my Grief, is the Loss of one Sir *Guy*, my Country Man.

Guy then, with Tears of Joy, lights to embrace him: And art thou living, *Heraud*, my dear Friend? said *Guy*, and kindly took him in his Arms; Then here I bid my Sorrows all adieu: Pray let me know who cur'd thee of thy Wounds.

Heraud, no less surpriz'd with Joy and Wonder, to find Sir *Guy* his Country Man again, cry'd out, And have I found thee thus, my Friend! my Pains and Travel have been well rewarded; It was the good old Hermit and his Skill, that sav'd me, by the Medicine he apply'd: Then each embrac'd

brac'd, and both renew'd their Joys, at this so good and happy Meeting: No angry Star with inauspicious Rays, beheld them then, but both were well content.

Then mounting on their Steeds, they bend their Course, with easie Pace, unto Duke *Lovain's* Court, where they his City find in great Distress, straitly besieg'd by the Emperour's Forces. But *Segwin* was extreemly satisfy'd that worthy *Guy* was come unto his Aid: For now, quoth he, I dare be bold to say, we have an honourable valiant Man; Advise me, warlike Knight, what's to be done, to free me from the Danger I am in.

My Lord, quoth *Guy*, great as the Danger seems, my self will find a way to set you free; let's presently upon them issue forth; our Courages will make the Cowards fly.

Thy Counsel, quoth the Duke, I do approve, and to thy Project give my free Consent: Let Life, Limb, Blood be lost I'll follow thee: So let all do, that come to me in Love:

*Let's ope' the Gate, and beat them from our Walls,
He lies no lower than the Ground, that falls.*

Then suddenly they rush out of the City, and on the Almaines resolutely set; where they

Joys, at they did such a bloody Slaughter make,
No an- that many thousand Lives were soon cut
beheld

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off: Of thirty thousand that besieg'd the
Town, there scarce was thirty hundred
that escap'd.

The Emperour at this was much perplex-
ed, but with new Forces gave a fresh As-
sault; as knowing well they cou'd not be
reliev'd, and so their Strength must weak-
en by degrees. And therefore coming
with a new Supply, believ'd he in short
time might famish them. *Guy* and the Duke
appear upon the Walls, and tell him, He
shall never win the Town, for they can
spare his Soldiers what Provision they can
desire, and so flung down abundance of
Victuals from the Walls; and withal told
em, That if they wanted, he could spare
em more. And now, quoth *Guy*, that we
D have

have fed your Bodies, I hope your Stomachs will be up to fight: but I am afraid you are not rightly bred; but like some Dunghil Cocks, will crow, and run away. But still when Cowards do a Fray begin, before the Battel ends, away they run; and so your selves have lately done, we see: Your Tongues we heard, but could not feel your Hands; your Words were hot, but Actions cool enough; tho' I confess, your Heels are wondrous nimble. We did believe that when you first came hither, we should have found you Men of Strength and Courage; but having try'd you, find 'tis no such matter; unless you could surprize us while we sleep; for waking, we'll encounter one for ten, and never wish to have a better Match. And if you can do better, let us see it: Therefore prepare, for we'll be with you presently. — And then upon their Foes forthwith they flew, fighting like Men that laugh'd pale Death to Scorn. For they resolv'd they would their City free, or never live to see another Morning. Much Blood was shed, and many Lives it cost; but in the end, the Almains lost the Day. The Duke, with *Guy*, swiftly pursu'd their Foes, who like so many Hares do fly away; wishing for Wings, that they might mend their Pace; so sweet is Life to them that fear to die.

The

The Victors to the City back repair'd, with
Trophies of the Glory they had gain'd ;
and all that heard the Action, much ad-
mir'd the great Exploit so resolutely done.
But unto *Guy* the Duke return'd his Thanks,
For thou (quoth he) art *Cæsar* of our Field.

My Lord, quoth *Guy*, I take not so much
Joy that I have by my Sword your Free-
dom wrought, as I should glory, if it were
my hap, to make the Emperour and you
good Friends. Give me but leave, and I'll
do my Endeavour, and put good Will to
a blunt Soldier's Wit.

The Duke consented, and desires Sir
Guy to take a Guard of Soldiers from the
Town, Dangers that seem but little may
prove great ; and I'd not have you wrong-
ed for all my Dukedom. Go, honoura-
ble Man, what thou shalt do, I will con-
firm with my Heart, Hand and Life.

Then *Guy* forthwith went to the Empe-
rour, and being by his Officers conducted
into his Presence, he bespeaks him thus :

All Health to your Imperial Majesty,
and Peace to thee, if thou to us say Peace ;
and Love to thee, if thou wilt Love em-
brace : As we are Christians, let us war
no more, but fight against those that are
Foes of Heaven. We do not sue to thee
in servile manner, as fearing any Force or
Power thou hast ; for Victory on our side

displays his Banner, and to our View yields a delightful Prospect; no Cause doth move us, but the Cause of Conscience, to bring the Heathen to Religion's Law: And therefore now, most noble Emperour, declare thy Mind, and tell thy Resolution; and let us know what thou intend'st to do: With Soldier's Brevity my Message ends, give me as brief a Message as thou pleasest: Shall we be Christian Foes, or Christian Friends? Shall we among our selves divide the Name, or challenge them that have that Name deny'd?

Guy having ended what he had to say, the Emperour to him made this Reply:

Brave English Man! Hadst thou spoke thus before, thousands had liv'd, that now the Sword has slain; but those must in the Bowels of the Earth remain until the general Resurrection: But for the future, Wars betwixt us shall cease; and I'll embrace thee as my Friend: Thy Motion honour'd Knight, to Honour tends, and thou shalt live in Fame's immortal Praise, and when thou art bury'd in eternal Night, thy Name unto the End of Days shall last: Thou dost the Worthies of the World exceed; blest be the Country where thou hadst thy Birth.

Come, go, great Prince, quoth *Guy*, into the Town, and with Duke *Segwin* there League

League renew. Our end shall be to pull the Pagans down, that unto true Religion are such Foes.

The Emperour being by *Guy* into the City brought, the Duke of *Lovain* from his Castle came, and after mutual Salutations past ; the Emperour was conducted to the Castle, where, by the Mediation of Sir *Guy*, there was a League between them soon concluded ; to the great Joy of all the People ; which was with Feasting and



Rejoycing welcome on every side : With which Sir *Guy* was so well pleas'd, that he express'd himself to this Effect :

*My greatest Joy shall be to hear it said,
This is the best Day's Work that Guy e're made.*

V C H A P. VIII.

How after Guy had made Peace between the Emperour and the Duke of Lovain, he was furnish'd with two thousand Men, and ten Ships of War, for the Relief of Bizantium; and being scatter'd from the rest of the Fleet, is set upon by three Pyrates, two of which he destroys, and forc'd the third to fly. Afterwards relieves the City, and kills many of the Pagan Champions.



*G*uy having thus accomplish'd his End of making Peace between the two Contenders; that is, the Emperour and the Duke of Lovain; they both intreated Guy to stay amongst them, and there to enjoy that Peace he had procur'd: But by no means

means could they prevail upon him. He was for seeking out new Scenes of Action; but wou'd no more employ his Arms against Christians; and therefore earnestly intreated them to furnish him with Forces to go against the faithless Sarazens, who had broke in upon the Grecian Empire, and besieg'd *Bizantium*. They both agreed, and left it to himself, to take what Force he thought might be sufficient, and they would furnish him with all things necessary for the War: *Guy*, after having return'd Thanks to both, for their kind and generous Offer, assur'd them he wou'd so employ their Forces, as should be for the Honour of all *Christendom*. And there-upon immediately selected two thousand of the choicest Soldiers present: One of the Emperour's Forces, and the other of them belonging to the Duke of *Lovain*, who with an equal Willingness went with him, as proud of being those whom he had chosen: Next he embark'd them on ten Ships of War, and then took leave of the Emperor and Duke, promising that at his Return he would present 'em with such Trophies and Evidences of his Soldiers Courage, as the Fortune of War should yield him; and so departed with a prosperous Gale.

Guy being now plowing the briny Ocean, almost a Month, and meeting no Ad-

venture, thought Fortune dealt a little hardly by him. But by a Wind, common enough to those that sail upon the *Levant* Seas, disjoyned from his Fleet, she gave him now Occasion for his Valour; for he was met by three Turkish Men of War (and three to one, you'll say is Odds at Foot-ball) who being of the *Sally* Rovers, suppos'd they'd got a Prize, as judging him a Merchant-man, and thereupon came boldly up, and thought strait to have boarded him; which *Guy* perceiving, cou'd not chuse but smile, and tell his Men they had now occasion to exercise their Valour, and thereupon drew out his flaming Sword, so often try'd in War, and charg'd on the assailing Infidels with such a Martial Fury, that *Mars* himself could hardly have done more, glutting the gaping Jaws of hungry Death, not only cutting down the Men, but likewise spoiling all their Shrouds and Tackle; whilst valiant *Herand* and the rest, remain'd not idle on the other side. For they having prepar'd Hemp, Tar and Rosin, and other like combustible Materials, set it on Fire, and threw it into the Turks Ship that engag'd them: This was a Stratagem till then unknown; which catching hold of the Decks, Masts and Rigging, soon set the Ship on fire, which they being utterly unable to extinguish, soon quit their
flaming

flaming Castle, and rather chose to perish in the Ocean. Which the other Ships beholding, and being much surpriz'd to meet with such Resistance, now found too late they'd only caught a Tartar, and so hoisted their Sails, preparing to be gone; which one of them had the good hap to do; but *Guy* resolving to make sure of th^e other, so closely grappl'd with her, that he soon leap'd on Board her, and there made such a Slaughter, that all the Deck was cover'd with the Carcasses of those that fell as Victims to his Sword. Which so amaz'd the Turks, they cry'd in vain to *Mahomet* to come and save them from those inhumane Devils that assaulted them. But although *Mahomet* knew nothing of the Matter, yet *Guy* out of Compassion spar'd their Lives. Then putting forty of his Men on board, he sent the Ship, with the remaining Prisoners, to his Friend the Duke, as the first Fruits of what his Valour purchas'd. No sooner had this brisk Engagement ended, but *Guy's* nine Ships came up with him again; who had by reason of a Fog, been separated from him. And the Night coming on, *Guy* order'd they should all stand off to the South-East, for fear of running foul upon the Rocks, that are too often met with in those Parts.

No sooner was the long'd-for Morning come, and *Sol* arisen from the Lap of *Thetis*, but from the main Top-mast, a Seaman calling unto *Guy*, told him, He made the Land; which e're the Sun had run out half his Race, the whole Ship's Crew beheld, as well as he. And as unto the Land they nearer drew, they could discover fam'd *Bizantium's* Shoar, which then was by the Turks and Sarazens invested almost round. *Guy* thereupon order'd his Forces to be landed at the next convenient Harbour, and from thence sent *Heraud* with two other Captains, to learn, if possible, how things then stood, both with Respect to the Besieged, and the Besiegers. In five Hours time *Heraud* return'd again, and from a Turk whom they had met withal, and taken Prisoner, they understood the City was besieg'd by Fifty thousand Men, who were most Turks and Sarazens, and that it had been so for three Months time; but that it was defended by the Christians, commanded by *Albertus*, a very worthy Saxon.

This News was very welcome unto *Guy*, who now thought he had a fair Opportunity to shew his Valour, and to serve the Christian Interest, by the Destruction of the Infidels. And therefore he immediately dispatch'd *Heraud* his trusty Friend, and

and one Knight more, unto the Lord *Albertus*, to let him know that he was come from *Germany*, and lay ready now in such a Port, with two thousand Christians under his Command, ready to serve him; and if he'd in the Evening make a Sally out at the Gate that looks towards the Sea, he would be ready with his Men to force his Way thro' the Enemy's Camp, and joyn him, and so come into the City to assist him.

Herand and his Companion undertake to deliver this Message to *Albertus*; and by the help of Turkish Habits, pass'd all the Guards without the least Suspicion; and coming to the Gates, declar'd they had a Message to *Albertus*, and thereupon they were let in, and strait conducted to the Castle, where *Albertus* and his chief Officers were sat in Council of War; to whom, after due Reverence paid, they gave an Account of their Business; but having declar'd this, only by Word of Mouth, *Albertus* and his Officers seem'd somewhat doubtful, as not knowing but it might be a Stratagem contriv'd by the Enemy, to take the City; but when *Herand* deliver'd *Albertus* a Letter under *Guy's* own Hand, to whose great Fame for Martial Deeds *Albertus* was no Stranger, they quickly chang'd their Sentiments, and treat-

ted them as they deserv'd, for such a welcome Message, to which they gave a ready and chearful Compliance, entertaining 'em with all imaginable Civility and Kindness; promising not to fail Sallying out at the Time and Gate appointed. *Heraud* and his Friend returning back to *Guy*, acquainted him with all that pass'd; who being very joyful that things succeeded so well, landed his Men with all imaginable Silence and Dexterity, drawing 'em up in Battalia upon the Shore, and giving Order to those that continued on Board, to stand off to Sea, till he should signifie his Pleasure to them to come into Harbour. After which he march'd towards the City with all the Privacy and Silence that could be: But for all his Caution, the Enemy had perceived them, and taken the Alarm; so that gathering together from all Quarters, they were ready to receive him; *Guy* no whit discourag'd, made a short Speech to his Soldiers, telling them of the Goodness of their Cause, and the Assistance they should have from their Friends in the City, bid 'em fall on undauntedly, and the Day was their own: Upon which, they gave a great Shout, and *Guy* drawing his flaming Sword, fell on his Foes with such undaunted Fury, that they soon bore down all that were before them; so that

Guy Earl of Warwick.

that where-ever they came, the mingled Bodies of their Foes over-spread the Crim-son Plain: *Guy* with redoubled Blows, slaughtering where-ever 'twas he turn'd himself: Thus the Dispute continu'd for more than two Hours space. In which *Guy* had so well improv'd his time, that he and his small Forces, with the Assistance of three thousand from the City, who sal-ly'd out according to their Promise, had destroy'd almost thirity thousand Men. So that the Pagan Army finding themselves thus worsted on all sides, retreated to their Camp in much Confusion: Which fill'd the Soldan with revengeful Thoughts, which he resolv'd forthwith to execute; and presently after gave Orders to his Sol-diers, early next Morning to assault the City; which he suppos'd, weary'd with the last Night's Fatigue, would scarce be able to make much Resistance. *Guy* suf-fer'd their Retreat that Night, not think-ing it convenient to pursue them: And with his Soldiers enter'd the Town, where by *Albertus* and his Officers, and all the Citizens beside, he and his Men were joy-fully receiv'd, and kindly welcom'd. *Al-bertus*, in his Arms embracing *Guy*, con-ducted him to his own Lodgings, and kindly thank'd him for his brave Assistance. Then gave him a most noble Treat, where they

they drank Healths to the Emperour and all the German Princes; and also to the Royal Majesty of *England*, to whom Sir *Guy* profess'd himself a Subject; whom they thought happy above other Princes, in having such a Subject as Sir *Guy*. And after they had eat and drunk sufficiently, they all retir'd to rest their weary Limbs, after the great Fatigue they'd undergone.

Early next Morning, as the Soldan order'd, the Army was prepared for the Assault, the Drums all ratling, and the Trumpets sounding; at which the Army gave so great a Shout, as made the Hills resound the Eccho back; the Noise whereof awak'd our warlike *Guy* from the sweet Sleep, which he till then had taken: Who rising, strait ascended to the Tower, and thence beheld the Army of the Enemies, who with their Scaling-Ladders were marching toward the Walls: And instantly gave Order unto *Heraud* to get his Forces in a Readiness; which being done, he then turn'd to *Albertus*, and bespoke him thus: My Lord, The Honour of all *Christendom* lies now at Stake, and therefore it concerns us to make a brave Defence. I see the Enemy march with a full Design to scale our Walls; but in my Opinion, we had much better meet them in their March without the Walls, than tarry for them here.

Guy Earl of Warwick.

here. Our Forwardness will bring a Damp upon 'em, and quite confound and break their Measures too : Fortune does always favour bold Attempts ; and Victory you see, has on our side declar'd her self already ; which will both encourage our Soldiers, and dishearten those of our Enemies.

Albertus readily approv'd of what *Sir Guy* had said, commending his high Courage, and rendering Thanks to Heaven, that had sent so stout a Champion to defend the Town. And then, because the Enemy was near, each went to their respective Posts, in order to attack 'em : And opening the Gates, all sallied out to meet 'em, according to the Order *Guy* propos'd ; he with his Germans marching in the Front. By this bold March of theirs to meet them, the Enemy startl'd, and believ'd they shou'd have harder Work on't than they thought of : And therefore throwing down their scaling Engines, they put themselves into Battalia ; which *Guy* perceiving, gave Orders to his Archers in the Front to begin first, who drawing their strong Bows, pour'd in amongst them such a Shower of Arrows, as almost darkened the Sun itself ; and galling of the Turkish Horse, put them into Disorder ; whereupon *Guy* and *Herauld* broke into the main Body, killing or

or wounding all that durst oppose them, still pressing them both to the right and left, with Flights of Arrows, which struck a mighty Terror in the Infideis: The Bizantines, led by *Albertus*, and encourag'd by the Warlike *Guy*, in a short time routed the left Wing of the Enemy; while *Guy* fought the main Body, hewing the Pagans down on every side, and like the Hand of Fate dealt Death at every Blow; Until at last, he came to the Squadron by *Colbrond* led, one of the Pagan's Generals; who being newly to the Battel come, began to wonder at the mighty Havock that *Guy* had made in the Army; and therefore coming forwards towards *Guy*, he, in his haughty way, spoke to him thus: Thou mak'st a Shew of Valour, I perceive, but if thou any real Valour hast, let's have a little Sport between thee and I, only to see which of our Swords cuts best: Thou hast a Weapon there that's much too small, and is methinks too blunt to make one bleed. Too blunt, said *Guy*! I tell thee Pagan, thou shalt find it otherwise: I'll whet it ere we part, upon thy Bones, and make thee quickly tell another Tale. If it should fail me now, I should much wonder, for it has never fail'd me yet I'm sure; but often cut such Lubbers down as thou art. Come, art thou ready? Bid thy Friends Adieu,

Guy Earl of Warwick.

Adieu, for thou art never like to see em more. Then did they lend each other such hard Blows, that Sparks of Fire did from their Helmets fly: The numerous Pagans round about him flock, expecting all in the end the Death of *Guy*: For *Colbrond* was not only very strong, but had been long time Champion to the Pagans: At length *Guy* lent him such a Blow, that down comes *Colbrond* and his Strength, to the Ground. Pagan, said *Guy*, is my Sword sharp, or no? For even now thou blam'dst it as too blunt: Rise up, for if thou canst not feel thy Legs, off goes thy Head, as sure as this is Steel; and thereupon he gave him such a Blow as forthwith made him shorter by the Head; which when the amaz'd Infidels beheld, they were with Wonder all astonished. For they so confident of *Colbrond* were, they durst have ventur'd Goods, and Life, and Limb, on any Combat that by him was fought.

Then *Heraud* (to give *Guy* some breathing-time) challeng'd a Pagan, call'd *Elen-dant*, and dared and defy'd him to his Face, (for valiant *Heraud* did no Courage want.) The Pagan somewhat hot, with Fury fill'd, engaging *Heraud*, soon was overcome, and to the Lake below sent after *Colbrond*: Then *Guy* unto another Champion goes, *Morgador* call'd, whom *Guy* so well belabour'd

bour'd, he quickly sent him after his two Fellows: The Pagans seeing thus their Champions slain, forsook the Field, and fled unto their Camp. When there they came, they told all to the Soldan, who fill'd with Rage, and cursing all his Gods, order'd his Troops to rally once again; which when they durst not do for Fear of *Guy*; the Soldan rather than not be reveng'd, sent *Guy* a formal Challenge, demanding him to fight a single Combat with him; and by the Event of that to end the War. *Guy* joyfully accepted of his Terms; and all things being ready for the Combat, they both met with such Martial Rage and Fury, as even made the Earth itself to quake; the Soldan being prompted by Despair; and *Guy* courageous for the Christians Honour, redoubled on him such resistless Blows, as made his gilded Armour soon give way, and by that means *Guy* quickly found a Passage to his Heart, which, soon as with his trusty Sword he'd pierc'd, not able longer to support himself, cursing his Gods, the Soldan fell down dead. This fatal Sight being seen by *Eskeldart*, a bloody and tyrannick Turkish Prince, he straitways vowed Revenge, and rides up armed to the Place where *Guy* then stood, Villain (quoth he) whom like a Dog I hate, I'll make thee curse the time that

Guy Earl of Warwick.

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that thou wast born; know therefore I
am come to fetch thy Head; for to my
Mistress I have promis'd it: My Dogs shall
feed upon thy English Flesh: They must
devour thy Body every Bit: Come, I have
vow'd by *Mahomet* thou dy'st: Thy tru-
sting in thy Saviour, shall not save thee.

And hast thou given away my Head,
said *Guy*, unto a Lady? 'Tis a noble Gift.
An honest Man will do what he has said,
and never promise more than he design'd.
Come on thy ways, and take it quickly
off, or else thy Lady will suppose you jeer
her.

Then strait with proud *Disdan* they rush
together, laying on as hard as they could



drive; but *Guy's* keen Sword did so hew
Eskeldort, that for his Head he durst no
longer strive; but on a sudden for to save
his

his own, put Spurs to's Horse, and in all Post is gone.

After this Rout, the Plunder of the Field was by the Victors taken; and then *Guy* returns in Warlike Triumph to the City, where they receiv'd him with the greatest Pomp, and truest Joy that they knew how to shew; while as he rid triumphant thro' the Streets, the People from the Houses Tops and Windows, threw Garlands down before him, and strew'd his Way with Flowers; ecchoing along the Streets, Long live brave *Guy*, the Noble and Renowned English Champion; our fortunate and great Deliverer. In Memory whereof, they afterwards set up his Statue in the Market-place, which has since been destroy'd by the Turks.

Guy, after this Deliverance of the City, having been treated as he well deserved, staid with *Albertus* there about ten Days, and then desir'd to return to *England*; and leaving half his Men there, as *Albertus* had requested him, that to the City they might be a Guard, he, with the rest, embark'd on his Ships, and with great Presents sail'd back for *Germany*.

*Thus having worught the Pagans Overthrow,
He made the World his Worth and Valour know.*

C H A P. IX.

How Guy being in a Forrest, seeing a Lion and a Dragon fighting, took the Lion's part, and kill'd the Dragon: Also how Guy and Heraud found Earl Terry wounded, and his Lady taken from him by sixteen Villains, most of whom he kill'd, and restor'd the Lady to her Husband.



Guy and his Ships being becalm'd at Sea, put into Harbour to refresh themselves; where Guy and his Friend Heraud went ashore; and it so happening that a pleasant Forrest lay bordering near the Place they landed at, they enter'd it, and walk'd a little Way, to see if they could light of any Venison, observing as they went how sha-
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dy Trees embrac'd each other in their green-leaf'd Arms, and how fam'd *Echo* keeps her Dwelling there, and little Birds there fearless sing their Notes ; they chanc'd to find a Silver-streaming Spring ; which there they look'd on as a Rarity ; and with those Chrystal Streams they cool'd their Heats, and quench'd that Thirst they had so long endur'd ; and there to satisfie their craving Stomachs, they made of Herbs and Roots a pleasant Meal : When on a sudden, an unusual Noise, (which seem'd to be at no great Distance off) invades their listning Ears ; but it resembl'd most a Lion roaring, as loud as when *Jove* thunders from the Skies : Hark, hark, said *Guy*, I am almost afrighted at this strange uncouth Noise : *Heraud*, let's strait take Horse, that we may be prepar'd for all Events : I never heard a Sound that scar'd me more in all my Life. I'll seek it out, it comes from yonder Way : Some Monster or some Devil makes this Noise, for 'tis no humane Voice, upon my Life. So forth he rides, and underneath a Hill, he finds a Dragon fighting with a Lion : O this is Princely Sport indeed, said *Guy* : fight on, that I may see who gets the Day, and then I'll set upon the Conqueror. The Dragon winds his crooked knotted Tail about the Lion's Legs, to throw him down ;
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ut then the Lion fasten'd on his Scales,
nd nimble did avoid the Fall intended
him. Then both with utmost Fury bite
nd tear, and so maintain a long and bloody
fight. At last the Lion faintly turns aside,
nd looks about, as if he would be gone.
Nay, then, quoth *Guy*, Lion, I'll take thy
part, and execute my Vengeance on this
Dragon. With that courageously to work
he goes, and with the Dragon carries on
the Fight, giving him Blows with all his
Might and Strength, and yet can't pene-
trate his scaly Sides. The monstrous Beast
displays his flaggy Wings, and with most
dreadful Yelling at him comes; whose ve-
ry Looks, might make a Man afraid, so
terrible seem'd his devouring Jaws, wide,
gaping, grisly, like the Mouth of Hell;
more terrible than Pen or Tongue can ut-
ter; his blazing Eyes burning like living
Fire; and from his Gorge, sulphureous
Smoak he belch'd, aloft his speckled Crest
he mounted higher than *Guy* could reach,
at Length of Weapon's Stroke. Thus in
most ireful Mood he bore himself, crying
as loud as watry Billows roar. And then
his mortal Sting he stretched out, exceed-
ing far the sharpest Point of Steel; then
turns and winds his scaly Tail about the
Horse's Legs: With that, *Guy* hews upon
him with his Blade, and laid on him three
Mens

Mens Strength, to every Stroke ; one fatal Blow he gave him in his Side, from whence did issue Streams of swarthy Blood the Sword had made the Passage wide and broad, that like a Flood the Gore o'er spread the Ground, which made the Dragon turn to have forfook him : Nay, then quoth *Guy*, thou hast not long to live, see thou faint'st, and ready art to fall. Then did he give him such a Parting-blow, that down the Dragon came unto the Ground ; roaring and bellowing at such a rate, that the hideous Sound did more affright the Conqueror, than did his fighting with him. So rides away, and lets the Monster lie. But looking back, he spies behind his Horse, the rescu'd Lion following at his Heels, which made *Guy* light to engage with him likewise. But when the Beast beheld his Weapon drawn, he fawn'd upon him like a Spaniel Dog ; and like that grateful Lion which did save *Andronicus*, for pulling out a Thorn, when by the Laws he was condemn'd to be devour'd by Beasts upon the Amphitheater, the Lion came, remembring his old Kindness, and fawn'd upon, and lick'd him very kindly, bearing, it seems, an old good Turn in Mind. Just so this grateful Lion dealt with him, for the same Benefit which he had done, by saving him from the fierce and

one fa and poisonous Dragon. For tho' a Lion
is by Nature cruel, as being a ravenous
Blood and devouring Beast; yet like a Spaniel,
he by his Horse did run, and till he did
again embarque, staid with him.

But the Wind serving in a little time,
Guy and his Friend embarqu'd again, and
so pursu'd their Voyage, and in *Almain* ar-
riv'd in a short time; and there, according
to his Worth and Merit, was entertained
by the Emperour, who bid him kindly wel-
come into *Christendom*, and entertain'd him
with a Turnament, with Kingly Banquets,
and with Princely Revelling, all striving
to behold that mighty Man, of whose
great Actions Fame so loudly spake, and
of whose wondrous Acts they'd heard so
much, and thought they could not do him
too much Honour.

But taking leave of the Emperour and
the rest; travels to his old Friend the
Duke of *Lovain*; whom he had a particu-
lar Respect for, and did above all others
long to see. But ere unto his Journey's
End he came, he met with an Adventure
by the Way; and set a worthy wronged
Lady free, who forcibly was taken from
her Love, and he at Point of Death, left
forely wounded. Of which take this fol-
lowing Account.

The noble *Terrey*, a right valiant Earl, with his dear Love, surnam'd *Osile* the Fair (his precious and inestimable Jewel) to take the Air into the Forrest went, whercin a Plot was laid to take away his Life, that so another might enjoy his Love: And on the sudden sixteen Villains came



upon the Earl, and sadly wounded him. *Sirrah*, said one, thou hast a Wench we claim; she must with us; lie thou upon Ground, and if thou liv'st till thou can'st see a Passenger, beg him to make a Grave to bury thee. *Guy* finding *Terry* in this wretched Case, and hearing how his Wife was ravish'd from him, administer'd what Comfort he was able; he with the Loss of Blood look'd pale and wan, and almost

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ready was to die indeed. Come, Courage, noble Earl, said *Guy*, to him: I'll do my best to fetch thy Love again; or else say *Guy* is but a boasting Coward: When *Terry* heard the Mention of that Name, he strait reviv'd, for of his worthy Deeds, Fame had before sufficiently acquainted him. Then striving to arise from off the Ground, he did his best Endeavour to embrace him: Thanks, gracious Heaven, quoth he, with Soul and Heart, for sending such a Man to right my Wrongs. Which is the Way (said *Guy*) those Villains went? The Path by yonder Oak, said woful *Terry*. I'll follow 'em, said *Guy*, and by my Knighthood, I'll make each Man come off by weeping Cross. Scarce had he spoke, before he heard a Shriek, which *Terry* knew to be the fair *Osile's*: Away rid *Guy*, and by that Sound directed, he quickly found the barbarous Villains out. And coming to them, Wretched Slaves, quoth he, What's your Design with this fair Lady here? Inlarge her presently, and set her free: You have done Wrongs that you must dearly pay for: Her Husband wounded, and she us'd with Violence, are Crimes which all your Lives can scarce atone for. With that they laugh'd, and said, What Fool is this, or rather mad Man in his desperate Mood, that slain by

wilful Death wou'd get a Name ; and have the World report he hath been kind ? Some frantick Fit this Fellow's surely in, that means to fight thus without Fear or Wit. If it be so, quoth Guy, that Fit's now on me, and you shall find 'twill be a raging one. With that Sir Guy, knitting his angry Brow, bid the fair Lady cease her pensive Moans, for you shall from these Villains Hands be freed. Then with a Courage admirably bold, at every Blow some one or other dies ; which when the Lady saw, she strait cry'd out, *O pity, worthy Knight, these mortal Wounds : It is a Sight I can no longer bear ; be not so bloody in revenging me, upon my Knees I humbly do intreat thee, for 'tis to me a terrifying Sight : O with their Lives thou take'st mine away : If one die more, my Soul will faint and leave me : Thou worthily my Honour hast defended, and hast enough revenged all my Wrongs.*

Lady, said Guy, at your Request I cease. Depart, base Rascals ; all but two be gone. But Villains, said he, to the two remaining, 'twas you that did this Vertuous Lady bind ; and thereupon he gave each such a Blow, having his Sword put up within his Scabbard, as to the Ground they fell immediately. Then rising from the ground, they thus excus'd it, *My Lord, we did it to preserve her for your Honour's Use.*

Then

Then on his Steed he let the Lady ride,
to seek her Lord, whom she distressed left:
And *Guy* became her Guide unto the Place.
Where when they come, they found him
dress'd already; for in their Absence,
there came by a Hermit, which to his bleed-
ing Wounds did Salve apply. — Now
Terry and *Osic* abound in Joy, and grate-
fully to *Guy* do all things give. Bethou,
said they, renown'd in Life and Death,
whom while we live and breathe, we'll al-
ways honour.

Nay, here's my Hand, quoth *Terry*, *Worthy*
[*Guy*,
To fight for thee, I will be proud to die.

C H A P. X.

How Guy and Heraud travell'd with Earl Terry, and hearing his Father was besieg'd by Duke Otton, went to relieve him; and how Guy rais'd the Siege, kill'd Duke Otton in single Combat, and routed his Army.



THe Light had now surrender'd its Dominion, and Darknes rul'd in all the lower World, when as Earl Terry, Guy, and fair Ofile wanting a Guide thro' the unfrequented Woods, heard the affrighting Noise on ev'ry side, of savage Beasts that thirst for Humane Blood. On ev'ry side a watchful Eye they cast, lest on a sudden they should be surpriz'd. At length they did espy two armed Men, who listen'd

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sten'd to those Cries as well as they, each having in his Hand his naked Sword: But as they nearer came, *Guy* quickly knew the one of them was his dear Friend Sir *Herbrand*, and the other was as dear a Friend of *Terry's*, who by Embracings did their Gladness shew. And then the Earl demanded of his Cousin, What brought him to that lonely desert Place? My Lord, said he, I have unpleasing News, which yet in Duty I am bound to tell, Thy noble Father's at this time besieg'd in his strong Castle, by Duke *Otton's* Power, who hath protested by a solemn Vow, that he about his Ears will pull it down. And in Revenge that thou hast got his Love, he swears thy Father's Life shall not escape.

His Love, quoth *Terry*! Speak, my fair *Osile*, acquaint this worthy Man with thy Soul's Thought: Did I perswade thee ever to break thy Faith, or been an Instigator unto ought that is unrighteous in the sight of Heaven? Never, said she; thou hast been truly just in all thy Words, and all thy Actions too: That Wretch indeed pretended that he lov'd me, and wou'd have forc'd my Love away from thee. But to my dying Day I will be thine: Thou shalt enjoy me all the Hours I live; and when I alter this Determination, may I be held accurs'd by God and Man.

Spoke like a vertuous Lady, *Guy* reply'd, he ever constant, and thou needst not fear: Nothing can lay a Blemish on thy Honour, whilst thou on Love's Foundation firmly standest. It is for Love I range the World about, and every Hour expose my Life to Dangers, and though an unknown Stranger, am Love's Exile. But wherefore, *Terry*, are thy Looks so sad? thou hast thy Love in Person to embrace; but mine, alas! is as far off as *Englana*, and for some Years I have not seen her Face.

My Lord, said *Terry*, know you not my Grief, and heard this Messenger relate the Cause? My Father's in Distress, and wants some Succour; and I should be a Rebel to the Laws of Nature, not to sympathize with him; making his Trouble a just Cause of Sorrow.

If that be all, said *Guy*, thou art to blame to spend so much as one poor Sigh thereon. My Name's enough to terrifie Duke *Ottom*: Let him but hear I come, and he'll be gone. Something that pass'd between us is the Reason on t: In *France* he felt my Sword, but didn't like it. Since that, he laid a Plot against my Life; by Villains that surpriz'd me in a Wood; which Treachery with Vengeance I repaid: And whoe'er knew a Traytor's

End

End prove good? A Curse is always the Concomitant of base and wicked Actions, in which the Actors will be sure to suffer, as did *Perillus* first in's brazen Bull. I will go with thee, to relieve thy Father; for the Oppressed I have vow'd to right. And Reason now does much more strongly move it, since my own Wrongs urge me as well as thine. Therefore with speed let's hasten to the Place, preventing Mischief ere it run too far. Take Time by the Fore-lock, for he's bald behind, and Good proves best, when it is soonest done. Go, then, with Filial Joy, like brave *Aeneas*, and fetch thine old *Anchises* out of *Troy*.

Couragious Knight (quoth *Terry*) thy bold Heart I do perceive, can with no Fear be daunted: Thou art compos'd of *Mars's* Element, and made of powerful Limbs, to manage Arms: My Melancholy thou hast banish'd quite, and with strong Hope arm'd me instead of it.

This said, in haste away they post themselves, and in a short time came unto the Castle, where proud Duke *Orton*, and his Forces lay, relying much upon his well-paid Soldiers: But when his Captains, of *Guy's* coming knew, they fled by Night, and and never bid Farewel. This was Discouragement unto the Soldiers, to find their Captains had deserted them. But yet

Duke *Otton* solemnly protested, Tho' each Man in the Castle were a *Guy*, he would not basely quit his Enterprize; for tho Life's dear, said he, yet Honour's dearer.

Terry (quoth *Guy*) we must not now be tedious. For my Experience oft hath been my Tutor, and taught me, that when an Advantage offers, and gives me an Occasion to begin, the Enemy's own Fear subdues himself, to which our Force being added, soon compleats our Victory: We will not make our Prison in this Place, as long as there is Field-room to be got. And since the Duke has no Respect for me, 'tis my Desire alone to combat him. But if you will not leave this Castle here, I'll leave you all, and go my self alone: And with these Words, *Heraud* and he were going to depart: Which when the Castle-Soldiers did perceive, giving a Shout, said they, Thou art our General, and where-foe'er thou go'st, we'll follow thee: Thy honourable Steps we will not leave, let Fortune use us, even as she pleases.

Thus full of Courage, they all march along, giving the Onset, fearless of their Enemies, making those Multitudes that seem'd invincible, to fly before their brave victorious Foes, leaving the most part slaughter'd on the Fields: But when the Duke beheld his flying Soldiers, Perish,
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'each would r thro arer. ow be been en an asion odues ded, I not ng as since my you eave with oing bol- said ere- Thy let

said he, base Villains, here I'll die : Where is this English Man that haunts my Ghost, and thus pursueth me from Place to Place : I challenge him to leave the Army, and meet me Face to Face, that we may make an End of all old Grudges.

Agreed, quoth *Guy*, proud Foe, I give Consent. Repent thy Wrongs, and make thy Conscience clear ; for thou hast liv'd to see thy Honour lost, which worthy Men do hold most dear of all things. The Noble-minded brand that Man with Shame, that lets his Name and Honour die before him : Then they towards each other did approach, and with great Violence their Launces ; broke which being



done, they took their Swords in Hand : and fought until they'd spent great store

of Blood : For Envy did the Duke's keen
 Weapon whet ; and on *Guy's* Sword, Re-
 venge did set an Edge. At length, thro'
 loss of Blood, the Duke fell down, and
 dying cry'd, Farewel, vain World, Fare-
 wel : By Fortune's angry Frown, am I be-
 tray'd : By sad Experience now, I tell the
 World, There's nothing constant that
 the Earth contains ; Death brings the
 proudest Monarchs to their Graves, and
 lays 'em level with the humblest Swain :
 Bewitching Vanities seduce and blind us ;
 and Greatness only tends to make us proud,
 making our sad *Catastrophe* the greater.
 There is no Peace like to a happy Ending :
 My dying Hour yields more repenting
 Grace, than in my Life, I ever cou'd at-
 tain to. The Immortal Soul did with these
 Words depart, and left the breathless
 Body where it dwelt ; while woful Passions
 did *Guy's* Heart afflict ; now wishing *Ot-
 ton* were again alive ; for true Humility
 still shows Compassion, to see the Afflicted
 over-born with Woes : *Guy* sheath'd his
 Sword, and said, Remain thou there, un-
 til on *England's* happy Shore I land : For
 love of *Phelice* I'll shed no more Blood ;
 I have from her been too too long away :
 Now I'll return my Wages to receive.

Then mourning over poor Duke *Otton's*
 Fate, he gave his breathless Body to his
 Friends ;

Friends ; and then he to the Castle back
return'd accompany'd with *Heraud* his
true Friend ; where with great Joy they
were receiv'd of all ; especially by *Terry*
and *Ofile*, and the old Earl their Father,
as those that had by much the greatest
Interest in what *Guy's* Martial Prowess
had atchiev'd. But after he had staid two
Days to rest himself, being almost tyr'd
with their extream Kindness, *Heraud*
and he took leave, and so departed,
carrying their Prayers and their good
Wishes with them.

*Thus to be doing Good, was still Guy's Lot :
Others the Profit, he the Honour got.
Where-e'er he came, he set th' Oppressed free,
And to the Pris'ners he gave Liberty :
But was the Scourge of wicked Tyrants still ;
Not sparing those whom he found doing Ill.*

C H A P. XI.

How Guy and Heraud, after having parted from Earl Terry, met with a Monstrous Boar, which Guy Kill'd: How he was entertain'd by the Dukes of Lovain and Lorain, and afterwards return'd into England: How he kill'd a dreadful Dragon in Northumberland, and of the Honour done him by the King, and his Reception by fair Phælice.



Guy and his Friend having thus took their Leaves of Terry and the fair *Osile*, as we have said already, bending their Course toward their Native Land, resolv'd to see Duke *Lovain* in their Way. But as they rid thorow a Desert Place, dark and obscur'd by the thick shady Trees, which hardly

hardly would admit the Sun to enter; they on a sudden met the hugest Boar, that ever Mortal Eyes had yet beheld: Altho' (said *Guy* to *Herand*) I intended to draw my Sword no more till I saw *England*, and laid it down at my fair *Pheli's* Feet, yet such a Monster is sufficient Warrant to draw it once again, lest it should live to be a Plague to all the Country near it. And therefore prithee keep thy self at distance, and give me leave to encounter it alone: This said, away went *Guy*, and met the Boar, as he was hasting to him full of Rage, which *Guy* perceiving, stood upon his Guard, that so he might avoid his dreadful Tusks; then on his swinish Head so hard he laid, that dead he left him, who had many slain, for from that Wood scarce any Man came back, which was the Cause it was so unfrequented. The Monster being dead, *Guy* cut his Head off (huge as it was) and put on his Spear, and carry'd it unto Duke *Lovain's* Court: The very Monster's Head appear'd so terrible, it frightened People as he rid along, although they then were sure it cou'd not hurt 'em.

Guy being come unto Duke *Lovain's* Court did there present him with the Monster's Head, which had destroy'd so many of his Subjects.

Guy,

Guy, said the Duke, I have had large Experience of your great Kindness and your Love to me : And this last valiant Act that you have done in killing this prodigious monstrous Boar, which has of late made such exceeding Havock of my Subjects, and of all Passengers that came that Way, surpasses all the rest, and makes me still much more indebted to you. But to declare the Welcome that he gave him with all his Warlike Trumpets, Drums and Clarions, and all his Nobles coming to congratulate *Guy's* safe Return ; with all the Entertainments that were made him ; and how the Duke of *Lorain* too came thither, on Notice given of *Guy's* Arrival there, that so he might embrace that matchless Man, of whom Fame had such wondrous things declar'd ; I say, should I relate all this at late, 'twould swell this little Book into a Volume. Suffice it therefore here to let you know, *Guy* so much long'd to be with his fair *Phalice*, that he was weary of the Honours done him ; and begg'd they'd let him now return for *England* : Which after having treated him ten Days, they did consent to, and forthwith order'd one of their best Ships to be new-rigg'd and fitted up, for *Guy* to sail to *England* in ; and then accompanying him to the Sea-side : Go, said the Dukes, and prosper, thou brave English

English Man, the most Renowned Worthy of the World ; thrice happy is the Land that gave thee Birth, and much more happy is thy fairest *Phelice*, that must embrace the Hero in her Arms : May Victory attend upon thy side, and may thy Brows be with fresh Lawrels crown'd.

Guy having given 'em his hearty Thanks for all the undeserved Honours paid him, strait hoised Sail, and having a fair Wind, in four Days time arriv'd on English Ground ; the Noise of which, soon reach'd King *Athelstone*, who then at *Tork* his Royal Palace kept : Thither (being commanded by the King) he forthwith went to pay his Duty and Allegiance to him. The King receiv'd them (for *Heraud* was with *Guy* where-e're he went) with so much Joy and Goodness, that nothing could be more : Welcoming them with such kind Words as these :

Welcome to me, renowned Martial Men ; my Princely Love upon you I bestow ; I in your fortunate Success rejoyce ; for Fame has loudly told us all your Story. *Guy* thou hast laid a heavy Hand, I hear, on Pagan Infidels, and by thy Sword hast sent them home to the dark Vaults, where Unbelievers dwell. Devouring Beasts thou also hast destroy'd, that has the Terror been of Humane Creatures: Yet

wor-

worthy Man. I think thou ne're didst slay of all those Monsters terrible and wild, a Creature that's more cruel, than there's one that at this Day destroys whate'er he meets, no farther off than is *Northumberland*, which is a dreadful Dragon, that haunts there. I speak not this to animate thee on, and hazard Life at setting Foot on Shore. For divers have endeavour'd to destroy this wicked Beast, and perish'd in the Attempt. No, *Guy*, I speak only to shew thy Happiness, which has exceeded that of other Men; by freeing of them from their Fears and Dangers.

Dread Lord, said *Guy*, as I am an English Knight, faithful to God, and loyal to my King, I am resolv'd to go and see this Dragon, and see whether my Sword can't work upon him; for I already have a Dragon kill'd, whom with a Lion first I found engag'd, and whom he'd also like to overcome; but Heaven my Arm so strengthen'd, that I soon overcame his Power, and so I will do this: Then taking humble Leave, away he rides unto *Northumberland* to find the Dragon, having a dozen Knights to be his Guides, who brought him where the Dragon kept his Den, feasting himself with nought but Humane Flesh: Now 'tis enough, said *Guy*, do you stand off, and give me leave
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to find this Hydra's Head : He that has
 fed fo much on Humane Flefh, fhall never
 more devour a Man again: But Gentle-
 men, if here you please to ftay, you of our
 Battle may Spectators be.



Then going to the Cave, the Dragon
 'spy'd him, and forth he stalks with lofty
 fpeckled Breaf, of Form moft dreadful;
 which when *Guy* beheld, into its Reft he
 forthwith put his Launce, then furs his
 Horfe, and to the Dragon makes, encoun-
 tering each the other with fuch Fury, as
 made the very Ground under 'em. Then
Guy recoils, and turns about his Horfe,
 and come upon him with redoubled Might:
 The Dragon meets him with refiftlefs
 Force, and like a Reed bit his ftrong
 Launce

Lance in two. Nay, then, said *Guy*, if you are so good at Biting, I have a Tool to pick your Teeth withal: And drew his never-failing flaming Sword, and on him fell, with furious Blows so fierce, that many wide and bloody Wounds he made: At which the Dragon yawn'd like Hell's wide Mouth, roaring aloud with a most hideous Noise, and with his Claws all rent and tore the Ground: Impatient of the Smart he underwent, he with his Wings would raise his Body up, but *Guy* with a bold Stroke so cool'd his Courage, that to distend his Wings he wanted Strength; and with a few Strokes more, *Guy* brought him down upon the Ground all wallowing in his Blood, and from his Mouth a fiery Flake proceeded, whilst *Guy* with all his Might was severing his monstrous Head, from his more monstrous Body; which when he had done, Now, bloody Fiend, said he, thou hast thy just deserved Recompence, for all the Humane Blood which thou hast shed. And now upon this broken Piece of Spear, unto the King I'll bear thy monstrous Head, which will by him, I'm sure be well accepted.

The joyful Knights then went and took a View of that same fearful Creature, without Fear; which was indeed of strange and ugly Hue; all wondring how 'twas
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possible to scape those Teeth and Claws, so dreadful sharp and long: And when they'd fixt the Head upon a Spear, and took a Measure of the Body's Length, unto the King (who had remov'd his Court from *York* to *Lincoln*) they repair with speed, where he with some Impatience waited their Return; who in his Arms embrac'd the warlike *Guy*, congratulating of his Victory: Then looking on the Dragon's fearful Head, Heaven, shield, said he, and save me from all Harm! why here's a Face may well out-face the Devil: What staring Eyes of burning Glass be these, that might (alive) two flaming Beacons seem! What Scales of Harness arm that crooked Nose! And Teeth more strong and sharp than those of Steel. And sure that gaping Mouth and forked Tongue, may even dead, make all the Living fear, but more rejoyce, that thou hast overcome it. -- Victorious Knight, thy Actions we admire, and place thee highly in our Royal Favour: Throughout the spacious Orb thy Fame shall spread, more lofty than the *Primum Mobil*. To the succeeding Ages of the World thy Victories shall be transmitted down. For I will have the Monster's Picture drawn on Cloth of Arras, curiously wrought, which I in *Warwick* Castle will have plac'd, there to remain, and tell

tell to after Ages, that worthy *Guy*, a Man of matchless Strength, and equal Courage, destroy'd a Dragon thirty Foot in Length. And on this Castle Wall, we'll place this Head, here to remain till length of Time consumes it. And Nobles all, make a triumphant Festival, and give our Knight the Honour that he merits.

While thus at *Lincoln* *Guy* was entertain'd, and feasted by the King in Royal manner, he one Day took an Opportunity to tell the King the Cause of his Adventures, and that he did it for the Love of *Phelice*, Earl *Roband's* only Daughter; and humbly then besought his Royal Majesty, to intercede for him unto the Earl, who yet knew nothing of their Loves; and that he'd give Consent unto their Marriage.

The King assur'd him that he wou'd not only use his Interest with the Earl her Father, to obtain his Consent, but would himself honour their Nuptials with his Royal Presence: With which *Guy* was well pleas'd, and humbly thank'd his Majesty.

Now all *Guy's* Thoughts were taken up with *Phelice*, to whom he was preparing to be gone: But *Phelice* hearing that he was at *Lincoln*, and how he had been in *Northumberland*, and kill'd a Dragon there; began to be impatient at his Stay: And there,

thereupon she came her self to *Lincoln*; and happily surpriz'd her *Guy*, as he was ready to depart for *Warwick*: With *Juno's* kind Embrace and *Venus* Kifs, *Phalice* embrac'd her long-expected Lover; and *Guy* returns it with that Eagerness which in the Wars of *Mars* he us'd to shew; glad that he now has *Phalice* in his Arms: But after their first Transports were a little over, *Phalice* to chide her Lover thus begins: Forgetful Love, and too too slow, said she, I fear thou didst not mind thy honest Friend: What! seek a Dragon-erethou look'st for me! And Hazard Life, yet neither come nor send, to know if I remain'd in happy State: Some jealous Women, won'd perhaps suppose she had been slighted, but I've no such Thoughts; not but I wish, I must confess indeed. I'd been the first that thou hadst seen on Shore; but thou art welcome to thy *Phalice* now, and shalt no more unto the Wars go forth, but lie within my peaceful Arms at home. No, thou hast fought my Dear, too much already. For War's stern Face has stole thy Smiles away; but Love will change thy Countenance again, and make thy Looks such as I saw 'em first; when I first chose, and gave my Heart to thee.

Ah *Phalice*! *Guy* reply'd to her again, What Toils have I gone through for Love of
of

of thee ! And canst thou doubt that ever *Guy* should slight thee ? No, first the Sun shall cease to give us Light, and all the Stars shall leave their shining Orbs, before one Thought shall wander from my *Phelice* : I've learnt the Art of War enough already, now in Love's School I'll take new Lessons out ; and doubt not but to be a good Proficient in that more easie and delightful Exercise. I have already made a Friend my *Phelice*, whose powerful Intercession to thy Father, shall gain me his Consent to marry thee ; and when I tell thee 'tis the King himself, I doubt not but you'll be of my Opinion.

His Intercession, *Phelice* then reply'd, will be, no doubt, effectual with my Father ; but I believe your Merits are so great, you'll have no need of any Intercessor : For I am sure my Father speaks of you, as one for whom he has the utmost Value.

Why then, said *Guy*, and smil'd, let us to *Warwick*, a Place I love the best in all the World, because it is a Place that brought up thee, and there I first was with thy Beauty blest. I love the Castle, and the Castle-ground, for there, my *Phelice*, first thy Face I saw. Let's haste, my Love, to that delightful Seat, and seal those Vows we've to each other made ; I long methinks at Church to say these
Words,

Words, *I Guy, take Phælice to my wedded Wife*; and to hear thee immediately reply, *And I take Guy to be my wedded Husband.*

To which *Phælice*, with an Air that shew'd how well she was pleas'd, made reply :

*Tho' now our Satisfaction's very great,
Yet until then our Joys can't be compleat;
There's Pleasure in the Ways that to it tend,
But Hymen's Joys must always Crown the*
[End.]

C H A P. XII.

How Guy and Phælice were married, with an Account of their splendid Wedding : How he soon after vow'd a Pilgrimage, and travell'd to the Holy Land, &c.



GUY and fair *Phælice*, having both agreed with speed to consummate their mutual Joys, and tie that Knot that only Death can loose, at *Hymen's* sacred Temple, first went to wait upon the King and Queen, and humbly to invite them to their Wedding, which they agreed on such a Day; then took their Leaves, and thence repair'd to *Warwick*.

Earl *Robard* had had Letters from the King, letting him know that *Guy* was then in *England*; and that for Love of his fair beau-

beauteous Daughter, he'd undertook the dreadful Toils of War; and coming now to *Warwick*, to ask his Consent, and then to Celebrate his Nuptials there. *Earl Roband*, overjoy'd at this good News, immediately went forth to meet his new elected Son-in-law.

Guy, seeing that the Earl was coming towards him, alighted from his Horse, and low unto the Ground he bow'd himself, but the good Earl soon rais'd him with his Hand, and tenderly embrac'd him in his Arms with all th' Expressions of true Love and Friendship: *Guy* then inform'd him of his Love to *Phelice*, begging his Pardon for his great Presumption, and humbly asking his Consent to marry her: To whom *Earl Roband* made this kind Reply, My Daughter, worthy *Guy*, I freely give thee; nor is there any thing on this side Heaven, I've more desir'd than such a Husband for her: That when, in th' Annals of succeeding Ages, thy wondrous Story shall at large be told, my Daughter may be mention'd as thy Wife, and that *Earl Roband* also was thy Father; and that from thee, and from my Daughter *Phelice*, so numerous an Issue may proceed, as may in time fill all the World with Heroes. *Guy*, humbly thanking him for his Consent, told him the greatest Honour he

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could

could boast of, was to have such an Earl to be his Father, and such a Lady for his Wife as *Phalice*.

Then *Phalice*, being call'd, was ask'd, If she was willing to have *Guy* to be her Husband? Who, with a Virgin-blush, declar'd her Satisfaction. The next thing now, was for the happy Day in which their Nuptials were to be consummated.

And now the long-expected Day is come, in which these Lovers must complete their Happiness; and all the Honours *Hymen* can dispence, he freely gives, to grace the Wedding-Feast: For Royal *Arifstone* and his fair Queen, to grace this Nuptial in their Pomp appear'd: The Nobles likewise, in their richest Robes, with worthy Knights and Gentlemen, besides Ladies of Honour strive t' out vye each other, in honouring valiant *Guy* and his fair Bride: There wanted nothing that could be procur'd to please the Eye, or to content the Mind: Masques, Midnight Revels, Tilt and Turnament, with stately Shews, and acting ancient Stories; and Banquets proper for such Royal Guests: The Tables were with such great Plenty stor'd, that neither Fish nor Flesh were wanting; and Bowls of Nectar crown'd their Entertainment. Nor was the choicest Musick wanting there; while Healths were

were drank to the fair Bride and Bridegroom.

Ten Days this Wedding-feast was celebrated, and all the Country round the better for it : (for good Earl *Roband* ne'r forgot the Poor.) And then the King and Queen (wishing all Health and Happinels to the new-married Couple, and the good Earl that had so nobly treated them) return'd again to *Lincoln*.

But as our Lives are made of Chequer-work, and Joy and Mourning take their several Turns ; so this great Joy was quickly after shadow'd with a black Cloud of Sorrow ; For hardly had th' inconstant Queen of Night, took her Nocturnal Ramble through the Heavens, (which Journey usually she makes in eight and twenty Days, or thereabouts) but good Earl *Roband*, (*Phelice's* worthy Father) resigns this Life, for Immortality, and unto *Guy* bequeathes his whole Estate ; which fill'd 'em both with an unusual Grief, in losing both a Father and a Friend : But, by his Death, *Guy* became Earl of *Warwick*, confirm'd therein by Royal *Athelstone* ; and all his Lands and Lordships now are his, and he declar'd a Noble-man of *England*.

But ah ! How small a Satisfaction 'tis, that all the Honours of the World can
F 3 give

give us ! For now Earl *Guy*, reflecting on past Actions, can find no Comfort in the sad Reflection : He sees those things that gave him his Renown, were vain and wicked in the sight of Heaven. Oft wou'd he sit and meditate alone, on those vain Steps that his rash Youth had trod ; then to himself, with Groans and grievous Sighs, wou'd he cry out, O pardon me, just Heaven ! I have done nothing yet thy Grace to purchase, but spent my Time about a Woman's Face ; for Beauty I have shed a World of Blood, hating all others for one mortal Creature : How many Days I've wasted for a Wife, but for my Sins ne'r spent one weeping Hour ! 'Tis now high time Repentance to begin ; henceforth the Remnant of my Days I'll spend in contrite Sorrow for my former Sins, that Heav'n may pardon all the erring Ways whereby fond Flesh and Blood deceived me : Unto the World I'll now go learn to dye, let me be sensur'd for it as Men list ; I'll please my Maker, in what-e'er I can : Ambitious Pride hath been my Youth's Disease ; I'll teach Age Meekness, e'er my Glass be run ; and bid Farewel to Honour, Wealth, and Beauty : I'll go thro' Hell it self to purchase Heaven.

Phalice, perceiving he was Melancholy, unto him came, and with him thus discours'd,

cours'd, My dearest Lord, Why are you chang'd of late? Let me, as in your Joys I share, so likewise in your Sorrows bear a part: If I've in any thing offended you, let me know it, and I'll instantly confess my Fault, and make you Satisfaction.

No, my dear Love, said *Guy*, 'tis not with thee, 'tis with my self that I am discontented: By th' Light of Grace, I see the Faults of Nature: I'm dead in Sin, altho' I seem alive: *Phelice*, my Sins, my countless Sins appear; crying, Repent, and clear thy guilty Conscience. I must deal with thee, as *Bavarus* dealt (a Prince of *Rome*) with *Sygunda* his Wife, who from a deep Impression that he felt, solemnly vow'd perpetual Chastity: Intreating thee, even as thou lov'st my Soul, not to dissuade me from what I have done: Hast thou not heard what *Ethelfrida* did, a Christian Woman, sometime *England's* Queen, who, once with Child, did from her Husband's Bed absent herself for ever? And canst not thou, the Phenix of a Realm, by Imitation, win immortal Praise, leaving thy pure and spotless Chastity to be admir'd by succeeding-Ages? I know thou canst, thy greater Part's Divine; and will thy Soul's Advantage much prefer. Thou did'st procure, altho' I did excuse it, my Pride, by Conquests to ob-

tain thy Love : Heav'n gave me Valour,
but I did abuse it : My Heart and Thoughts
were too much elevated : I thought the
Crowns of Kings were things inferiour,
and hardly worth accepting : But now I
all such Follies do condemn, resolving to
become another Man, and travel for the
Welfare of my Soul ; not as before, upon
my Horse in Armour, but in a Gown of
Gray, a Palmer's Weed : Obscure my
Journey, for no Leave I'll take, but only
leave my endless Love to thee : Here is
my Ring, receive this small Memorial,
and wear the same, to make thee think
on me : Let me have thine, which for thy
sake I'll keep, till with his cold Hand
Death shall close my Eyes.

When *Phalice* heard this strange surprizing Tale, judge, you that can, how much she wrung her Hands ; how much she sigh'd, how many Tears she shed ; yet wondrous meekly contradicted nothing : For the Devotion of that Age was such, those were thought blessed who retir'd themselves, and whin'd away their Days in Solitude, leaving the World, and its bewitching Vanities.

And now he throws away his Princely Cloathing, wherein he glitter'd with almost that Splendor wherein the Noon-day Sun to us appears : Now his best Habit was a home-spun Gray, such as employs
the

the poor plain Country People: A Staff, a Scrip, and in his Hat a Scallop-shell, not to be known, nor in the least admir'd: And thus with pensive Heart and doleful Tears, he leaves sweet *England* and his fai-



rest *Phalice*, who in her Face a Map of Sorrow wears: all sad and mournful was her Countenance, for she to all Delight had bid Farewel, since she from her lov'd Lord was parted thus.

Guy journeys on towards the holy Land, where once *Jerusalem's* fair City stood, in which our Saviour's Head was crown'd with Thorns, without whose Gate he shed for us his Blood: To see his Sepulchre was his Design, the Tomb that *Joseph* unto *Jesus* lent; with tedious Miles he tir'd

his weary Feet, and thro' vast Desarts pass'd a thousand Dangers. And, whilst he thus pursuing was his Way, he happen'd to meet with a most woful Wight, a Man that was no Stranger unto Sorrow, for he had fifteen Sons that were all Captives in slavish Bondage, and th' extreamest Misery, kept by a merciless and monstrous Giant: Which press'd their wretched Father with that Grief, that he was almost worn away to nothing: And being past all Hopes to find Relief, thus to himself bewail'd his sad Condition:

Unhappy Man, yea, thrice unhappy I, who court in vain the last of Remedies: In vain I seek for Death, which flies me still, tho' nothing else can ease the Woes I feel! Ah! cruel Tyrant, that of all my Sons cou'd'st not afford me one to comfort me, and with his Hand to close my dying Eyes! But out, alas! were they but happy there, I matter'd not, tho' I ne'er saw 'em more! But O, to think upon their Miseries, pierces my Heart more than a thousand Swords! And that which pierces deepest to my Heart, is this one Thought, There they must still remain, and suffer without hope of Remedy: This cutting Thought is more than I can bear, and therefore thus I'll end my wretched Life. And, as he spoke these Words, he drew

drew his Sword, with an Intent to sheath it in his Bowels. But *Guy*, that listen'd to his sad Complaint, stept in, in time, and happily prevented him. Hold, Father, said he, yield not to Despair; for you may live to see your Sons at Liberty: I've heard your sad Complaint, and Heaven has sent me just in the Nick of Time to right your Wrongs.

The melancholy Man was much surpriz'd to see a Stranger in that lonely Place; then, looking stedfastly upon him, said, Alas, poor Pilgrim! I'm beholding to thee, that to allay my cruel Miseries wou'dst flatter me to hope, when there's no room for't: My Wrongs are grown so great, they're past thy righting; and Death alone is that which must relieve me. O say not so, said *Guy*; tho' I'm a Pilgrim, thou do'st not know the Strength that's in these Arms; especially when Heaven invigorates them to fight in a just Cause. Let me but know where 'tis thy Sons are in Captivity, and leave the rest to me.

Know then, kind Pilgrim, said th' unhappy Man, since you've a Mind to understand my Misery, that in yon Castle, made impregnable, as well by Art as Nature, there dwells one *Amarant*, of monstrous size, that's from the Race of ancient Giants

Giants sprung, who does support his great and bulky Carcase only, by feeding upon humane Flesh : and therefore seizes all that pass these Woods : And therefore, dead or living, bears them hence, into that cursed Shambles of Destruction ; making no Difference of either Sex, but this, that with the Women he satisfies his Lust, and with the Men his Hunger. My only Daughter, unadvisedly as her ill Fortune sure enough wou'd have it, passing this way, was taken by the Monster : This stirr'd the Anger of my fifteen Sons, who were resolv'd to rescue their poor Sister, but in the vain Attempt were taken Pris'ners ; yet, for their Sister's sake, their Lives are spar'd, tho' they endure a thousand Deaths for one.

Your Case, said *Guy*, is sad, and I must pity you ; but am resolv'd to try what I can do, if you'll but trust me with your Sword and Armour, to kill the Tyrant and redeem your Children.

Most willingly, reply'd the hopeless Man, wou'd I contribute unto their Release ; but am afraid you'll rather fall your self into the Tyrant's Clutches, than redeem those that are there already ; but however, my Sword and Armour at your Service are ; and may you meet with the Success that's answerable to your matchless

less Courage: Well, said *Guy* to him, stay you and Pray, and doubt not my Success against the Tyrant.

Guy hereupon went up straight to the Castle, his thoughts being employ'd to think what way he'd best to take to get the Tyrant out; not doubting then but to o'ercome him easily. So, going to the Gate, he knock'd thereat like one that wou'd come in, and had some Business of great Consequence: The Giant never was so rouz'd before; for at his Gate none us'd to knock so hard: He therefore takes his Club and Keys, and opening of the



Gate goes out, staring about with watchful Countenance: Then seeing *Guy*, thus with Disdain and Anger, he addressees him,

him, Sirrah, said he, what Business have you here? Have you a mind to feast the Crows, and have your Quarters hang upon these Walls? For what else is it that you can expect? You might have heard, that there's no Ransom here, for any one that falls within my Clutches; but if you're ignorant, and know it not, this Club that's in my Hand shall teach you better.

Guy, nothing daunted with his Bugbear Words, reply'd again, Why how now? Are you quarrelsome? You seem to be a very cholerick Person: But I've a Weapon here shall match your Club, and quickly bring you to a better Temper: And so expecting no return again, he draws his Sword, and with the same salutes him about the Head, the Shoulders, and the Sides, whilst his erected Club did Death proclaim; Striding like a *Colossus* o'er the *Hellespont*, but on the Ground in vain he spent his Strokes; for *Guy* was much too nimble for him still, for before he cou'd heave his Club again, *Guy* would be sure to give him t'other Stroke; for *Guy* for that Advantage always watch'd: At length, thro' thirst, the Giant feeble grew, and said to *Guy*, As thou'rt of Humane-kind, give leave that Nature's Wants may be supply'd, and let me go and drink

in yonder Place : Thou can'st not yield
to a Request more small, than to grant
Life a Draught of poor cold Water. I
grant thee leave, quoth *Guy*; go drink
thy fill; pledge both the Savage Boar and
and Dragon too: But never think again
to drink cold Water: Think, when thou
drinkest, that now thou drink'st thy last.
So to the Spring he goes, and there his
Thirst he quencheth with almost a Tun of
Water. *Guy* was amaz'd to see him drink
so much, and to the Combat hastens him
again: Come, come, said he, thou'rt long
about thy Liquor, thou'lt wrong the Fish
that in the River swim; but I will see they
shall have Satisfaction, for with thy Blood
their Wants shall be supply'd. Villain,
quoth *Amarant*, (for that's the Name by
which this monstrous Giant must be call'd)
I crush thee in an Instant; thy Life shall
pay thy daring Tongue's Offence; this
Club (which is about an hundred Weight)
shall my Commission be to send thee pack-
ing: For Raven's Diet thou shalt soon be
dress'd; I'll break thy Bones, as tho' they
were but Reeds. Incens'd much by this
bold Pagan's Brags, which worthy *Guy* no
longer cou'd endure, he spends his Blows
on those supporting Posts, which like to
Colombs did his Body bear. The Giant
for those Wounds in Choler grew, and
despe-

desperately at *Guy* he threw his Club ; which did directly light upon his Body, and threw him by its Weight upon the Ground ; and, e'er *Guy* cou'd recover from his Fall, the Giant got his Club again in's Fist, and struck at *Guy* another desperate Blow ; but missing *Guy*, stuck it fast into the ground. Traytor, quoth *Guy* thy Falshood I'll repay ; This Act, basely to spill my Blood. Says *Amarant*, Against an Enemy there's nothing base : I'll murder any way ; cou'd I but Poyson in thy Nostrils blow, thou soon should'st see that I'll dispatch thee by it. 'Tis well, said *Guy*, thou openest thy black Thoughts ; thy beastly Bulk is sure the Devil's Dwelling : They are thy Tenants whilst thou livest here ; but, when thou com'st to Hell, will be thy Landlord's : Vile Miscreant, prepare thee for that Place, the just Reward of such inhumane Monsters. But breathe thy self a time, while I go drink, for flaming *Phœbus*, with his fiery Eye, torments me so with Heat, that I believe my Thirst cou'd scarce be quenched with an Ocean. Thou know'st to thee I granted the same Kindness. Quoth *Amarant*, Thou hast no Fool of me ; no, silly Wretch, I have more Wit than so : By all my Gods, I do rejoyce to find that Thirst constrains thee now ; for all the Treas-

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sure that the World can boast of, one Drop of Water shall not cool thy Veins. Relieve my Foe ! and unto my own Wrongs, refresh my Adversary ! Why this won'd be a Mad-man's part indeed ! If thou imagin'st this, thou art a Child : No Fellow, I have known the World too long, to be so simple ; now I know thy Wants, I will not grant one Minute's space of Breathing : And with these Words, heaving aloft his Club into the Air, he swings the same about ; then rubs his Temples, and his Locks doth shake, and, like the Cyclops, in his Pride he struts : Sirrah, said he, I heave a Lift at you, and the next Blow I strike, you'll breathe your last ; for with this Stroke you shall for ever perish : Take thou no Care for Drink, for never more a Draught of Water shall come near thy Lips ; but with thy Blood I'll soon carouse full merrily : Here's at thee with a Butcher's down-right Blow, for 'tis thy Blood that must assuage my Fury.

Infernal, false, obdurate Fiend, said Guy, thou seem'st an Imp of Cruelty from Hell : Ingrateful Monster, since thou hast deny'd that thing to me wherein I us'd thee well, I'll with my Sword take the more deep Revenge on thy accursed Head, and quickly make thee shorter by so much. Now Thirst, Farewel, I do disdain to drink,

drink, and therefore let the River keep its Water, or let wild Beasts be welcome thereunto, for with its pearly Drops will I not meddle. Now, Tyrant, 'tis thy latest Hour is come. For tho' perhaps you'll take the Greeting ill, yet 'tis with a good Will I give it you; and thereupon he gave him such a Blow, as made the Monster tumble on the Ground: Then *Guy* set Foot upon the Monster's Breast, and from his Shoulders did his Head divide, which with a yawning Mouth did widely gape; no Dragon's Jaws were ever larger seen, to open and to shut, till Life was gone: And then *Guy* took Possession of the Keys, and with them open'd all the Castle-gates; were many woful Captives he set free, that had been long in Misery confin'd, and had been try'd with great Extremities: And when he of their Miseries enquir'd, each told a Tale which from his Eyes drew Tears, and which they could not tell without sad Sighs, at the remembrance of their barbarous Usage. There tender Ladies in dark Dungeons lay, that in that desert Wood had been surpriz'd; and every Day no other Diet had, than Flesh of Humane Creatures for their Food: Some with their Lovers Bodies had been fed, burying their Husbands Bodies in their Wombs.

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Now *Guy* bethink's him of th' oppressed Knight, with whom he left his Pilgrim's Gown and Staff, and of his captive Sons impris'ned there; and blames himself that first of all he had not releas'd the wronged Brethren from their Woes; Then on he goes, and, as he search'd about, he grievous Cries and Lamentations heard, which as a Clue, led him to the fatal Place; where, finding an obscure and darke some Gate, all strongly cover'd o'er with Plates of Iron, he lock'd among'st his Keys, and there found one that soon unlock'd, and gave him entrance there. He was no sooner enter'd, but beheld the strangest Sights that e'er his Eyes beheld; Men that had there, by slow degrees, been famish'd, and cou'd but just be said to be alive, looking like Pictures which the Painters draws, when to our Eyes they Death wou'd represent: Of these some by the Thumbs were hanged up, some by the Heels, and others by the Middle. With Diligence he takes them from the Walls, telling them they were now at Liberty; which happy Sound reviv'd their drooping Spirits. Then *Guy* to the perplexed Knight, their Father, repairs, and tells him what Success he'd had against th' inhumane Keeper of that Castle; then bids him come, and there receive his Sons:
Tho'

Tho' poor and faint, said *Guy*, yet they're alive, accept of that, and seek to nourish them. The Father's Joy was scarce to be express'd; but when he saw what Skeletons they were, how like the living Images of Death, he scarce had Strength t'out live that wretched Sight: And the glad Sons, seeing themselves at liberty, and their poor aged Father still alive, were at a loss how to express their Thanks to him that had so genourously deliver'd them:

Guy then unto their Father gave the Keys, saying, This Castle do I give to thee, where Tyranny has dwelt so many Years; let it be now a Place where pious Pilgrims and weary Travellers may find Refreshment. Those tender Ladies that were Prisoners here, let them be sent away with Ease and Safety, where they desire, when they have Strength to travel: And always see you use wrong'd Women well. Men may revenge the Wrongs that they receive, but Women have no Strength to right themselves.

The good old Knight, surpriz'd with Joy and Wonder, fell on the Ground, and wou'd have kil'd *Guy's* Feet: Father, said *Guy*, I pray forbear this Homage; no Honour's due to me for what I've done; it was a stronger Arm than mine that did

it,

it, and unto him let all the Praise be given. And now I pray exchange with me again: Take you your Coat of Mail, and your strong Sword; give me my Staff, and my poor Palmer's Weed, for to the holy, Land my Course is bent.

*Ambitious Pride hath hurt me all it can,
And now I'll mortifie a sinful Man.*

C H A P. XIII.

How Guy's Departure out of England is taken; how he employ'd his time in his Pilgrimage; how Phælice spent her time in his absence; and how in his return, he routed Amanthus's Army, and restor'd his old Friend, Earl Terry, to his Lordships, and afterwards return'd into England unknown.

HOW Guy turn'd Pilgrim, we before have told; but now it will be necessary to say something of what was said, both by the King and the Nobility, of his so strange and sudden a Departure; which was not sooner known at Court, but both the King and the Nobility were struck with Admiration, that Guy, who had so famous been for Deeds of Chivalry, and had perform'd so many mighty Acts, all for the Love of Phælice, should so soon leave his fair and beauteous Spouse,

Spouse, for a sad, toilsome, solitary Life. Yet was his Piety commended highly, who set a greater Value on his Soul, which by Repentance he refin'd from Sin, than upon all the Honour he had won, or glittering Treasures that he was possess'd of.

Now let us look on *Guy*, the Man that sought to find out Quarrels for his Recreation, who for his *Phalace* rang'd the World about, delighting most in Combats and Alarms: But now he from his former Mind estrang'd, shuns all Occasions that may cause Debate. In his own Wrongs he has vow'd no Blow to strike; nor Injury nor Abuse shall force him to it; for he his natural Temper hath subdued, and taken Patience by the Hand for his Guide, to lead his Thoughts where Meekness keeps her Residence. No worldly Joy can give his Mind Content: Delights are gone, as tho' they ne'er had been, and to Repent is now his only Care, for spending of his Youth in serving Sin; in contrite Sorrow now he'll pass his Age, that little time to come, which Life shall borrow. Sad were his Looks, and pale was his Complexion, his Diet of the meanest, hard and spare: Like a religious Man he led his Life, in a poor homely thin and thread-bare Habit; his Dignities and Honour

nours were forgotten, nor did he *Warwick* Earldom now regard. Sometimes he wou'd go search into a Grave, and there wou'd find a rotten dead Man's Skull; and with the same wou'd hold a Conference, examining at large each Vanity: And then himself wou'd answer for the Head; as if the dead Man answer'd for himself: If thou hast been a Monarch, where's thy Crown? Or who now stands in fear of thy stern Looks? Death hath of my Renown a Conquest made, my golden Scepter he has taken from me, and now 'tis wielded by another Hand; and I am now become so poor a Thing, my poorest Subjects envy not my Place. Perhaps thou'st been some Counciller of State, whose potent Wit a mighty Realm did rule, where is the Policy of late thou had'st? Consum'd and gone, like to an idle Dream: I have not so much Wit as will suffice to kill these Worms that thus infest my Coffin. Perhaps thou wast some beauteous Lady's Face, for whose dear sake some have done strange Exploits, even such as (when the Case was once my own) I, for my dearest *Phelice*, have perform'd: Perhaps there was a Skin about this Skull, fairer than that which *Hellen's* was enclos'd in; and on this Scalp, bare and Worm-eaten now, where nothing else

else is to be seen but Bone, such yellow Locks of Hair were to be beheld, which for their Beauty where esteem'd like Gold; and in these hollow Caves, two crystal Eyes, and here such Lips as Love for Kissing craves. But what's of all this Beauty now become, so precious once in the Esteem of Men? by powerful Death unto the Dust 'tis turn'd, grown loathsome, filthy, and trod under Foot; and now there's only this poor Picture left to tell the Wise, All Beauty is but vain. Such sad Memorials he wou'd oft prefer, of mortal Frailty, and the force of Death; to teach the Flesh how apt 'tis to mistake, and pass Repentance off till 'tis too late. Thus wou'd he all things treat with such Contempt, that might seduce the Soul from heavenly Love.

Now, for a while, leave *Guy* to his own Thoughts, and turn your Eyes to view another Subject: To see new Sorrows, now look back to *England*; and to long absent Years commit the other. Leave doleful *Guy* to Cares and aged Grief, and look how *Phelice*, his poor Lady fares: Like to a Widow, all in black Attire, she doth express her inward Grief of Heart: She, of her Chamber, does a Prison make, and unto Sorrow wholly is inclin'd. She that was late the Pride o' th' English Court,

Court, with Majesty, will now consort no longer, but lives like one that despise's Life's Being, and every Day did die unto the World : Seeing his Folly with the Eyes of Judgment, and noting well how fast false Pleasures flye ; leaving more Pain than they can cause Delight : Her Thoughts run after her departed Lord, and are in Motion swifter far than he : Where is the place, said she, can give him rest, that for his Pilgrimage hath thus forsaken me ? Lament my Soul, under thy heavy Burthen, to think poor *Guy* remembers me in Tears : Methinks he by some River-side is sitting, and swells the Water with his weeping Eyes ; methinks he often cries out, *Phalice, Phalice*, and Eccho thro' the Skies does carry it ; then rising up with might and main he runs, saying, Sweet Eccho bring my Love again. Then comes he to a *Cyprus* Tree, and says, *Sylvanus*, this was once the lovely Boy, whom thou didst praise for Feature to the Clouds, but here, alas ! thy senseless Joy's transform'd ; 'tis nothing now but Tree, and Boughs, and Leaves ; and made to wither as all Beauties be. And then methinks full sadly down he sits, and on his bended Knees his Elbow stays, with Head in Hand, saying, Farewel vain Honour, and all the Pleasures of my youthful Days ; my true Repentance

has displac'd you all ; a happy End brings
 sinful Souls to Heaven. Ah worthy Man !
 that thus canst mortifie thy rebel Flesh, to
 conquer *Adam's* Nature ; and that thou
 blest Eternity might'st gain, do'st live on
 Earth as but a Stranger in it ; dead, tho'
 alive ; and new-born, tho' grown old ;
 true valiant *Guy*, that has o'ercome the
 Devil : As thy Advice was, when thou
 did'st go hence, that I a Vestal Virgin's
 Life shou'd live ; although when I was a
 Maiden, by Love's Art thou didst perswade
 me to become a Wife, I vow by Heaven,
 and Him that reigns above, to keep my
 Thoughts as truly Chaste as thine : My
 Beauty all I can I will obscure by doleful
 Lamentations, Sighs and Tears ; and will
 by Abstinence attain the Way to overcome
 the Force of Sin's Temptations : This Sen-
 tence very often have I read, *A Woman's*
Chastity is Vertue's Queen : *Ceres* and *Bacchus*
 I will shun with care ; for they are Vertue's
 Foes, and Vice's Friends ; and oft to a li-
 centious Life do lead ; but with Sobriety
 I'll still Associate ; and with spare Diet
 take each Day's Repast : That Soul thrives
 best, that keeps the Body bare. The
 courtly Ornaments I wore of late, in ho-
 nour of King *Arhelston's* fair Queen, even
 all those Jewels and those Robes of State,
 wherein to others I've appear'd so glori-

ous, shall with their Price and Value now supply these naked Poor that is about the Streets; the Gold and Silver I am now possess'd of, shall all employed be about good Works. The Purchase of eternal Happiness, is of all Wealth most precious unto me: All that in Want repair to *Warwick-Castle*, and crave Relief, shall there be sure to find it. For th' Halt, Lame and Blind, I will provide an Hospital, which shall be well Endow'd; and for the Widows and the Fatherless, a special Care I will be sure to take, that their Necessities supply'd may be; and then, that young Beginners may have where withal their Callings to set up, I will take care: And for repairing of decay'd High-ways, that Travellers may better pass the Roads, is also what I will take care about. These things I reckon to be the heavenly Thrift, and laying Treasure up where it can't rust; dispensing of the Riches we receive, as each good Steward is enjoyn'd to do; that after this short Line of Life is done, we may enjoy a Life that's everlasting. Farewel, vain World, of thee I take my Leave, and of those things which thou do'st most esteem; thy Shews are Snares, deceitful are thy Hopes, and only through false Mirrors seemest fair. O that in such Disguise I cou'd but travel, (as once the King *Sul-*

pitia did contrive, in Banishment to see his *Lentulus*) attending on my *Guy*, where-e're he be: Or, *Hyppocrata* like, in Man's Apparel, following her exil'd King thro' Love's Desire; 'twou'd something ease my wounded Heart of Sorrow, so to divide the Burden which I bear, for where Affliction take's Affliction's part in hard Extreams some Comfort is express'd. And Misery is more easy to divide, when Friends do with Friends divide their Crosses. But all in vain it is that thus I wish; it nought avails, my Woe is still the same: Tho' starving Thoughts do wander here and there, my poor weak Body must at Home remain. Unto the Holy Land he's gone to travel, Heaven send me thither at my dying Day. I will about my Vows and see them paid: The Good that Charity requires, I'll do; when Grace perswades us unto Works of Vertue, 'tis Blessedness to further such Desires; and while on Earth I do remain a Sinner, I'll strive to please my God by living well.

In this Resolve, each Day she spends her Life, performing all those things she had propos'd, and shew'd so great Severity therein, that she became the Wonder of her Sex; who were amaz'd, and even quite confounded, to see a Lady so High-born, so Rich, and which is more, so rare a Beau-

ty too, pouring Contempt upon all worldly Pleasures : For she was deaf to all her Friend's Perswasions, nor unto any wou'd she lend an Ear, that mentioned Company or Recreations, or what she had determin'd, sought to alter. But such as of Compassion wou'd discourse her, she wou'd for blessed J E S U S sake relieve.

Mean while her wandring Lord from Land to Land, with weary Steps repairs, to seek out places, which pious Pilgrims us'd to frequent, whilst Age, and Grief, and mournful Languishings, with Silver Hairs had crown'd his hoary Head ; so that good *Guy* was chang'd exceedingly : For Sorrow and fore Travel gives a Man a Countenance more aged far than they, who with less Cares much longer time have liv'd. His old Acquaintance in those foreign Parts, that had his worthy Actions seen before, and witness been of all his bold Adventures, had lost Sir *Guy*, as one that ne'er had liv'd : Those that in Armour knew his martial Face, did ne'er expect him in a Fryar's Weed. Amongst the rest, to whom well-known he'd been, he met Earl *Terry*, now a wandring Exile, each unto other being now grown Strangers ; thro' Sorrow, which the Senses oft deceive, they had forgot that e'er they saw each other, tho' *Guy* and *Terry* had sworn

Brothers been. But having to each other told their Countries, and by what means they Travellers became; and how one was a voluntary Exile, but th'other was constrained to be such; as they were parting with a kind Adieu; O English Man, said *Terry*, with a Sigh, I once had a dear Friend thy Country Man, who righted me in my extreamest Wrongs, and was a Champion in the Cause of Justice, and was to every Tyrant a sworn Foe, for on Oppression's Neck he'd set his Foot: Tell me, dear Friend, hast thou not heard of *Guy*, that had a Hand to help, a Sword to fight in the behalf of all that were Oppress'd? I have, quoth *Guy*, and knew him many Years, he's Earl of *Warwick* now, and Peer of *England*: What is thy Name? My Name, quoth he, is *Terry*, greater by Birth, than now my Fortune makes me. *Terry*! quoth *Guy*, I vow I'll do thee right, in what I can; my poor good Will esteem; for I too am a Friend to the Oppress'd; and since thou lov'st my Friend, thy Friend I'll be. Direct me to the Man that is thy Foe, I'll take thy part as far as Strength will go; if *Guy* himself were here to joyn with us, he cou'd but say, I'll venture Life and Friends; and be assur'd, tho' simple I appear, I have oft had as good Success as he. *Terry* with hearty Thanks requite's his
Love,

Love, then brings him to his Foes whom he
 defies, and with his adverse Champion brave-
 ly fights, who by a mortal Wound dies at
 his Feet: Yet 'twas, it seems, a Man of
 matchless Worth, who for that Combat
 they had singled out. When this was done,
 the Earl demands his Name; Pardon, quoth
 Guy, that were against my Vow; to no
 Man living I'll my Name reveal, for I have
 now both Name and Nature chang'd. Na-
 ture's Corruption now my Strife's to leave,
 and to receive a new Regeneration.

*Farewel, my Friends, if we on Earth don't meet,
 In Heav'n hereafter we'll each other greet.*

So he towards Judea's ground departs, +
 see Samaria, and Galilee; Places which Ch-
 ristian Pilgrims much frequent, because the
 Saviour's Choice was to be there; and the
 he to Redeem our Loss did suffer, even from
 the Manger to the bloody Cross. Much
 time Guy spent, and many Years bestow'd,
 in travelling about from place to place,
 surveying each place in the Holy Land,
 that all his Friends in England now suppos'd
 that he among the Living was no more.
 For from all Pilgrims that had back re-
 turn'd, of Noble Guy no Tidings cou'd be
 heard: This put the World to Silence,
 Men were Mute, because of Guy they knew

not what to say : That dreadful Champion, that when in bright Armour struck such a Terror wheresoe'er he came, was neither known nor fear'd in simple Grey ; but did endeavour all that e'er he could, ne'er to be known to any mortal Wight : For unto none wou'd he disclose his Name, nor tell unto what Country he belong'd. His noble Thoughts in his own Breast conceal'd, his chief Design was to remain Obscure :

*Until by native Love, his Mind was led
To lay his Bones where he at first was bred.*

C H A P. XIV.

How Guy returned into England, which he found invaded by the Danes ; and how he undertook to fight with Colebron a Danish Giant whom he kill'd ; upon which the Danish Army was Over-thrown, and forc'd to fly the Land. And how Guy afterwards betook himself to a solitary Cave, where he liv'd unknown.

AS the most bright and glorious shining Day will have a Night of Darkness to succeed, in which the Earth will be wrapt up in Clouds, and all the World be cloath'd in Sable Weeds, presenting us with drouzy heavy Sleep, to keep the thoughts of Death in memory : So Youth,
the

the Day of Nature's Strength and Beauty, which had a Splendor like the Eye of Heaven, must yield to Fate, by the great Law of Nature, when Length of Years shall bring Life's Evening on. This Cogitation dwelt in *Guy's* sage Breast, and made him, when he was in *Palestine*, think of returning to his Native Country: He found himself to be well struck in Years, and that his Glass had but few Sands to run, before the Close of his declining Days; and therefore he to *England* comes at last, there to be Buried where he had been Born; for this was all the Cause that drew him back, to end his Days; there where they first begun: That his poor Body, after all his Toils, through the World, no Resting-place had found, in English Ground at last might safely rest.

Being arriv'd upon his Native Shore, his Country in extream Distress he found; for in each place great store of armed Troops against the Foe was got in readiness. The King of *Denmark*, to destroy the Realm, a mighty Army had securely landed, who with incredible Destruction march'd, laying the Country waste, and burning Towns, and filling all the Nation full of Terror; which forc'd King *Athelstone* for his Security, with his small Forces to retire to *Winchester*; which when

the Danes once knew, they thither went, and with their Warlik-Troops set down before it. But that was far too strong for them to take; their Walls of Stone were then Invincible, nor had they Cannon-Keys to let them in. The Monk's Invention was not then found out, of murdering Men by Wholesale with their Gunpowder: A Soldier then that wou'd attain to Honour, by manly Strokes cou'd only purchase it.

Beholding now how oft they were repuls'd, by those strong Salleys that the English made, and that they were not like to take the City, they beat a Parley, and therein propos'd, that they were willing to decide their Quarrel by single Combat, to save shedding blood, between a Dane and an English Man; to which, when both Sides had agreed, the Danes brought forth a mighty Giant of prodigious Stature, demanding where the Foxes all were hid; saying, If there be one dare meet me here, that for his Country will his Valour show, let him come forth, and try with me his Manhood; or else the English are the worst of Cowards: For Craven Cocks on their own Dunghills will both Crow and Strike before they Run and Cry. Is English Courage now become so low, that none will fight: Are you so fearful grown? Then I

pro-

pronounce you all faint-hearted Fools, afraid to look upon a Martial Man. O what prodigious Lyes in foreign Lands, of these Mens Valours have I heard repeated! What great Atchievements have they oft perform'd, if Lyes be true? But they are sadly slander'd: For in their Feet their Valour chiefly lies, for they with them can swiftly run away. They have an ancient Proverb to instruct them, *That 'tis best sleeping in a whole Skin.* Thus did he vaunt, in Terms of high Disdain; and threw down's Gauntlet, saying, There's my Glove.

All this and more, *Guy* unperceiv'd had heard, and for his Country's sake cou'd bear no longer th' insulting Boasts of this proud Danish Monster: And therefore straight-way goes unto the King; and thus he in his Pilgrim's Weeds addresses him; Dread Lord! Tho' in this simple Habit hid, this proud insulting Foe I beg to Combat; for tho' I seem unfit for what I ask, I ne'er attempted ought but what I did: And therefore doubt not but to free your Kingdom from the Invasion of injurious Danes, by overcoming this their boasted Champion.

To whom the Royal *Athelstone* reply'd, Palmer, thou seem'st to be a Man of Courage, but I fear for *Colebron* thou art much too

too Weak : Ah ! I remember once I had a Champion upon whose Head my Crown I wou'd have ventur'd ; but valiant *Guy*, alas ! is now no more : Had he been here, I'd not been thus distress'd.

To which *Guy* thus reply'd, Great *Asheffstone*, Trust me for once, for tho' I am unknown, 'tis a just Cause, in which I do engage ; and Heaven does still both favour and succeed the justest Side. I cannot see one brave an English King, but aged as I am, my Blood is fir'd ; and nothing but his Head shall be to me Satisfaction for the Affront.

At which bold Speech of *Guy's*, the King amaz'd, and wondring at the Greatness of his Spirit, said, Palmer, I accept thee for my Champion, and thou alone shall be the Man on whom I am resolved to venture *England's* Crown. And thereupon order'd immediately that his own Armour shou'd be brought ; which *Guy*, having retir'd, soon put on ; then girding his massy Sword about him, came to the King, and of him took his leave ; the King furing him he did not doubt but Heaven, in whose great Cause he was engaged now, wou'd be his strong Defence, and give him Victory. *Amen*, quoth *Guy*, and with great Courage goes from *Winchester's* North-gate unto *Hide-mend*, where he soon found that

Monster

Monster of a Man, treading two Yards of
Ground at every Step.

Art thou, the Giant, cry'd that migh-



ty Man, on whom the King will venture
England's Crown? What can he find for
me no fitter Match than this poor Rascal
in a thred-bare Coat? Where's all his
worthy Knights and Champions now? A
Wretch so base as thou art I disdain.

Giant, said *Guy*, I matter not thy
Words, for hadst thou Manhood, thus
thou wou'dst not Rail, nor spend with
Blasts of empty Wind, thy Breath: A
Soldier's Weapon best his Tale can tell:
Thy Destiny thou on my Sword shall find,
which whilst thou'lt Drops to bleed, will
let thee blood: And thus I to Chastize
thee will begin: And thereupon such
Blows

Blows he on him laid, that *Colebron* never had felt the like before ; who with his Club waited to meet his Sword, intending to have broke it with on Blow : But *Guy*, was well aware of his Design, and by his own Agility prevented him ; and therefore boldly he about him laid, until the Lubbard's Breath was almost gone. For with a weighty Club did *Colebron* fight, which missing of his Blow fell on the Ground, and the very Earth it self gave way, so pondrous was the Strokes that he design'd. So long they held this wrathful furious Fight, that the Spectators knew not what to judge ; tho' *Guy* in *Colebron* still fresh Wounds bestow'd, as a Presage of his ensuing Victory ; and by his Activity escap'd the Danger with which each Blow of *Colebron*'s threatned him. At last quoth *Colebron*, English Man forbear, and sue for Mercy e'er I strike thee down. Villian, quoth *Guy*, thy Coward's Fear I scorn : I'll have thy Life, or it my own shall cost : We'll ne'er part, till one be Conquerour ; The King hath ventur'd *England* on my Head, and therefore I'll not yield an Inch to thee, for all the Wrath that *Denmark* e'er cou'd boast : Thou shalt find Metal in these aged Limbs ; altho' thy Body bulkier be than mine, I have a Heart bigger than thine
by

by odds: Think on thy ancient Grandfire *Gogmagog*, who was at *Dover* fought by *Corinaus*, and by that worthy Britain overcome, tho' he with Boldneſs like to thine had challeng'd him; and as he then was ſerv'd, ſo ſhalt thou now. And thereupon, *Guy* gave him ſuch a Stroke, it made wide Ruptures in the Giant's Fleſh, and very much provok'd his furious Choller, laying about him with the utmoſt Rage; mean time *Guy* manag'd both his Parts ſo well, which was, to lay on load upon his Foe, and ſave himſelf from his deſtructive Blows, that he at length gave *Colebron* ſuch a Wound, that on the Earth he tumbled in his Gore; whiſt with his Blood, his Soul departed hence, and in the ſooty Regions took freſh Quarters.

Forthwith a Shout from out the Town was heard, that made the Welkin eccho back the Sound, which joyſul was to every English Heart, and brought as great a Terror to the Danes, who with the utmoſt Grief away departed.

King *Athelſtone* then for his Champion ſent, to do him Honour for this great Exploit; who by the Clergy-men was firſt receiv'd with that Solemnity his Worth deſerv'd; and next by all the Nobles was embrac'd, and entertain'd with Trum-pets, Drums, and other Martial Muſick.

But

But *Guy* in these things took but little Pleasure; refusing costly Ornaments and Jewels, as things that he was out of love withal. To God he only gave the Praise of All, Blessing his Name that thus had giv'n him Power to free his Country from invading Foes: And so intreats that he unknown might pass, to live where Poverty regards not Wealth, and he beholding to the Help of none; and there by stealth sometime to view the World; *For true Content doth bring so great a Treasure, it makes the Beggar richer than the King.* With true Content will I abide, said he, in homely Cottage free from all Resort: For I have found within a Monarch's Court, Content can ne'er long be made to dwell: No, there's Ambition, Pride, and Envy there, and fawning Flattery stepping still between. Yet, gentle Palmer, said the King, I pray, that thou at least wilt so far honour me, as where-ever thou resolvest to abide, as to acquaint me with thy Name in Private, which is the only Boon I ask of thee: Tell me but who thou art, I'll ask no more; and on my Royal Word, I will conceal it.

Why then, said he, if it may please your Majesty, I am your Subject, *Guy of Warwick* nam'd; that have for many Years not seen your Land, but been where Youth by Age and Travel's tam'd: Yet there, dread

Prince,

Prince, Experience taught me Wit, and
of the Follies of the World convinc'd me.
And now I am return'd to make my Grave
within that Kingdom which first gave me
Life. Yet shall no Creature else have the
least Notice of my Arrival; no, not my dear
Wife, till Sickness comes, such as does
threaten Death; then I'll acquaint her of
my last Farewel.

The King thus having heard what *Guy*
had said, went to him, and with Joy in's
Arms embrac'd him; and with great Ad-
miration answers thus: Most worthy Earl,
Preserver of thy Country, it grieves my
Soul thou wilt not live with me. O wou'd
thy Resolutions were to make, that my
Perswasions might prevent thy Vow! But
'tis too late, they are grown ripe, I see,
and thou art fix'd in thy Determination.
Well, worthy Man, in this I Joy however,
that to thy Native Soil thou bring'st thy
Bones; where standing Monuments of thy
great Deeds, shall last unto the World's
remotest Ages: In *Warwick* Castle shall
thy Sword be lodg'd, to witness to the
World what thou hast been. And lest the
future Age shou'd grow neglectful, in the
preserving of thy Memory, the Castle-
Keeper shall receive a Salary, which I my
self will straight-ways settle on him, to
keep thy Sword in Memory of thee. Thy
Armour

Armour likewise, and thy Martial Spear, which did thee Service in thy high Designs shall all be carefully preserv'd there; that all such Men as have distrustful Thoughts, may think (if from a Truth it did not spring) a King wou'd scorn to cheat his People so. And in thy Chappel, (distant thence a Mile) a Bone shall hang of that devouring Beast, which did so long near *Coventry* remain, whose Rib by Measure, is at least six Foot, destroying many that did that way pass, until thy Valiant Arm the Savage Slew: By Tradition it may down be handed, and unto those that thither comes reported, This was *Guy's* Armour, this his massy Blade. These Bones of murdering Beasts which he o'er-came; and this the Tomb whereon his Corpse were safe deposited: This the true Picture of his Shade at Length; and this the Spear that of his Strength did witness. For sure I hold it as a thing ungrateful; (when thy Remains shall moulder'd be to Dust) if none shall cause some Muse to sing thy Fame, and tell the Worth of *Guy*, that English Hero. Thy Country Men can't so forgetful be, when out of Sight, to leave thee out of Mind, when thou for them hast done such mighty things.

This said, in humble Duty, wondrous meek, *Guy* with a lowly Reverence left the

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the King, to seek some solitary Cave or Den, which he unto his Mansion-house converted; and buried whilst alive he poorly lives; making his Meat of wholesome Herbs and Roots. Sometimes he wou'd repair to *Warwick* Castle, and crave an Alms at his dear Lady's Hand; who unto Pilgrims did more Bounty show, than any Lady in the Land beside. And she wou'd ask all Palmers that came there, if they were ever in the Holy Land: Or if they in their Travels had not seen an English Man, Lord of that noble Castle, who many Years from hence had been away? He was a Knight that ne'er was conquer'd yet, by any human Power: I only fear one cruel Tyrant who is called Death; if he has met him, then my dearest Lord, I never shall behold thy Face again, until that Monster do as much for me, and so unite our Hearts again together: Which gracious Heaven grant; if *Guy* be dead, O let me on the Earth no longer stay: Thus often did he hear his Wife enquiring, with deep Complaints, from extream Passion flowing; yet by no means wou'd grant her kind Request, nor yet bestow one hopeful Word of Comfort. But yet wou'd view her, as if's Heart wou'd break; then to prevent his speaking, turn away; and so ev'n weeping, to his Cell depart, there placing 'fore his

his Eyes a dead Man's Head : saying, With thee I'll shortly come to dwell, and therefore do despise this sinful Flesh : My Soul is weary of a Guest so bad, and therefore doth at Rest desire to be. My Strength is from my feeble Limbs departed, and Sickness now begins to gripe my Heart : My Happiness is now apace approaching, and I'm in hope my Foe and I shall part. Long time, alas ! I've fed this Adversary, by whom my Soul hath been misled so oft. To my dear *Phelice* I will send my Ring, which I to keep did promise for her sake. I now no longer will the time defer, for fear lest Death surprize me unawares : Methinks I feel his Messenger approach, and poor weak Nature must be forc'd to yield.

Then call'd a Herdsman, as he passed by, and said, Good Friend, One Kindness I desire of thee, and hope thou'lt not deny it me, for 'tis a matter that concerns me highly : It is that thou'lt repair to *Warwick* Castle, and for the Countess ask with trusty Care, and then into her Hand this Ring deliver, and say the ancient Pilgrim sent it her, that lately at her Gate with Scrip did stand, to beg an Alms in blessed Jesus's Name. And if she ask thee where I may be found, direct her hither ; she'll Reward thee well.

Sir, said the Herdsman, I shall be asham'd,
who

who ne'er yet spake to a Lady in my Life ; besides, I may perhaps come into Trouble to carry Rings to th' Earl of *Warwick's* Countess : And then, say I shou'd lose it by the way, what wou'd the Countess, or your self say to me ?

Prethee, said *Guy*, frame no such idle Doubts, no Prejudice can come to thee at all ; the thing is honest about which thou goest, and none can call thee into Question for it. A courteous Ear, the Lady will thee give ; and on my Word, Friend, you'll receive no Harm.

With that he goes, and mannerly delivers the Token to the Countess ; which she receiving, was presently with Admiration struck : O Friend, said she, where is my Husband's Being ?

Husband ! said he : I nothing know of that. 'Twas from an ancient Beggar I received the Ring, whose House I cannot well describe ; for it is made neither of Wood nor Stone ; but under Ground he went into a Hole : And in my Conscience there alone he dwells, and never pays his Landlord Quarter's Rent.

Ay ! 'tis my *Guy*, said she ; shew me his Cell, and for thy Pains I'll very well Reward thee. And then ordering her Steward to give the Messenger a hundred Marks for bringing her those welcome Tydings,

dings, she straight went with him to the lonely Cave, in which her Lord led such a Solitary Life; but he espying her, as weak and feeble as he was, went forth to meet her, and there her Lord and she em-



brac'd each other, and wept a while e're they cou'd speak a word: And after a good space that they'd been silent, *Guy* first the Doors of Sorrow thus did break:

Phalice, said he, now take thy Leave of *Guy*; who sent to see thee, e're his Sight decays: Within thy Arms I do intreat to dye, and breathe my Spirit hence from thy sweet Soul. 'Tis not long since to me thou gav'st Alms at *Warwick's* Castle-gate. 'Tis Blessedness poor Mens Estate to pity. Look not so strange; my Dear, Lament

not

not so : Ah ! Weep not, Love, I do not
want thy Tears ; for since my coming
here, I've Plenty shed of Tears of true Re-
morfe, Conscience knows. Thou Weep'st
not now, because I wept no more ; but to
behold me Friendless, Poor an Wretched.
My Love, I've fought the Place that I de-
fire, tho' few endeavour for eternal Rest.
The Soul which unto Heaven doth aspire,
and only seeks after Cœlestial things, must
leave the World, and all its fading Joys,
and all the Vanities thereof detest : For
cou'd we see it with a Spiritual Eye, we
shou'd discern it full of nought but Devils,
that always lie in wait to ruin Souls ; and
to that end are always laying Baits to trap,
and to ensnare 'em. Oh *Phalice* ! I have
spent (and then he wept) Youth, Nature's
Day, upon the Love of thee ; and for my
God have kept old rotten Age, the Night
of Nature ; Christ my Sin forgive. Sorrow
for this lies heavy on my Soul ; Oh blessed
Saviour, pardon my Misdeeds, in that I
have destroy'd so many Men, even for one
Woman, to enjoy her Love. And there-
fore in this solitary Cave, with God a-
bove, I fought my Peace to make ; 'Gainst
whom, I have been more misled by Sin, than
all the Hairs upon my Head can number.
The other Day, finding my Body ill, and
all the Parts thereof with Pain oppress'd,

I did compose my Will and Testament, to be the last that ever I Ordain: Lo here it is, and if I can, I'll read it, before I cease to be a living Man.

His Last Will and Testament.

EV'n in the Name of Him whose mighty Pow'r did Heaven, and Earth, and all things else create, as one that is this instant Hour to dye, I do with an unfeigned Heart and Mind, leave both the World, and every thing therein. My Soul I give to Him that gave it me: Receive it, Jesus, as in Thee, I trust. I owe a Debt of Life that's due to Death, and when I've paid him, he can ask no more. 'Tis but a little Breath, very Vapour, and I cou'd wish he'd had it long ago: But here's my Comfort, whensoe'er he comes, 'tis ready for him, tho' he calls to Day. I owe the World that Stock of Wealth it lent me, when I at first began to Traffick with it. Less wou'd have given Nature more Content; 'Tis Happiness to want a Rich Man's Name. The World leaves me Naked, as I came into it; I ask but one poor

Sheet

Sheet to wrap me in. I do bequeath
 my numberless Transgressions, my
 Sins and Crimes, tho' they are so many
 that they exceed the Bounds of all A-
 rithmetick, those past, those presente,
 all that are to come, to him that made
 'em Loads to burthen me, Satan, re-
 ceive them, for from thee they came.
 I give good Thoughts, and every
 vertuous Action, that every Grace
 hath guided me unto, to Him from
 whom proceeding all that's Good. For
 only Evil I by Nature do; being con-
 ceived, bred and born in Sin, and all
 my Life has been most vile and vain.
 I give to Borrow all my Sighs and
 Tears, letty'd from the Bottom of a
 bleeding Heart. I give Repentance,
 Tears, and watry Eyes, of a true
 Convert, an unfeigned Sigh. Let Earth
 or Sea a Grave yield to my Body, to
 Jesus to my Soul grant Room in
 Heaven.

Phelice I faint: Farewel, my Loyal
 Spoule; thy Husband dyes, assist me with
 thy Prayers. I trust to meet thee in a
 better Life, where Tears from weeping
 Eyes shall wiped be. Come blessed Spirit,
 come in Jesus Name, receive, and then
 convey my Soul to Heaven. With these

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last Words Death clos'd his Eyes, and he to his Creator his blest Soul resign'd, while mournful *Phalice*, well nigh dead with Grief, to Sorrow all her Senses did abandon, and with her Tears drowns her departed Lord; beating her Breast, till Breast and Heart were sore, wringing her Hands till she no more cou'd strive; Then sighing said, Ah cruel, cruel Death, the dismal, doleful Cause of all my Sorrows, thou hast depriv'd me of my dearest Lord! Since loathsom Air my Vital Spirits draw, this Favour, Tyrant's, all that I desire, That thou to recompence me for my Loss, woud'st strike that Stroke which all my Cares may kill: Let me not live to see to Morrow Light, but make me bloodless, cold, and wan, and as this dead Carcase that before me lies, this true Description of a Mortal Man:

*Whose Deeds of Wonder, past and gone before,
Hath left him now at Death's dark Prison-door.*

Kissing his Face with a Farewel of Tears she leaves the Body, for the Grave to claim; and from that place she bears as sad a Soul as any of her Sex on that Occasion, was ever known to do. Her real Grief soon sending her to her departed Lord: Living but fifteen Days after his Death, and then thro' extream Sorrow, follow'd him.

Their

Their EPITAPHS.



Under this Marble Pile there lies a Knight,
 Whose great Achievements oft perform'd in Fight,
 Has through Earth's Globe Immortaliz'd his Name,
 And given him a never-dying Fame:
 For his great Actions have perfum'd the World,
 Like Incense upon sacred Altars burld.
 To save his Country, he did's Life expose,
 'Gainst Savage Beasts, and far more Savage Foes:
 And in the Height of all his Valour's Pride,
 He always fought upon the justest Side.
 Nor in his Youth more Fam'd for War was he,
 Than in old Age he was for Piety:
 In Pilgrimage to Palestine he went,
 Upon himself imposing Banishment:
 All earthly Pleasure he for Heaven forsook,
 And to a Pilgrim's Life himself betook.
 Now here he rests in Peace, and by his Side
 The fairest Dame that ever made a Bride:
 Who at so great a Rate her Lord did love,
 As none could Equal but the Blest above:
 So bright their Verrues were, when here alive
 Their Names the World's great Fun'ral shall su.
 All sure must know, by that which I have said,
 The noble Guy and Phœlice here are laid.

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An old Song of the Valiant Deeds of Chivalry
Achiev'd by the Noble Knight,
Sir GUY of Warwick, &c.

Tune, *Was ever Man, &c.*



WAs ever Knight for Lady's sake,
So tost in Love as I Sir Guy?
For Phillis fair, that Lady bright,
as ever Man beheld with eye;

She

She gave me leave my self to try,
the valiant Knight with Shield and Spear,
E're that her Love she would grant me,
which made me venture far and near.

The proud Sir Guy, a Baron bold,
in Deeds of Arms, the doughty Knight,
That every Day in England was
with Sword and Spear in Field to fight :
An English Man I was by Birth,
in Faith of Christ a Christian true,
The wicked Laws of Infidels,
I sought by Power to subdue.

Two hundred twenty Years and odd,
after our Saviour Christ his Birth,
When King Athelstone wore the Crown,
I lived here upon the Earth ;
Sometimes I was of Warwick Earl,
and as I said of very truth,
A Lady's Love did me constrain
to seek strange Ventures in my Youth.

To try my Fame by Feats of Arms,
in strange and sundry Heathen Lands,
Where I achieved for her sake
right dangerous Conquests with my Hands
For first I sail'd to Normandy,
and there I stoutly won in fight,
The Emperour's Daughter of Almain,
from many a valiant worthy Knight.

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Then passed I the Seas of Greece,
 to help the Emperour to his Right,
 Against the mighty Soldan's Host
 of puissant Persons for to fight:
 Where I did slay of Sarazens,
 and Heathen Pagan's many a Man,
 And slew the Soldan's Cousin dear,
 who had to name, Doughty Colbran.

Eskeldered, that famous Knight,
 to Death likewise I did pursue;
 And Almain, King of Tyre also,
 most terrible in fight to view:
 I went into the Soldan's Host,
 being thither on Ambassage sent,
 And brought away his Head with me,
 I having slain him in his Tent.

There was a Dragon in the Land,
 which I also my self did slay,
 As he a Lion did pursue,
 most fiercely met me by the way.
 From thence I past the Seas of Greece,
 and came to Pavy Land aright,
 Where I the Duke of Pavy kill'd,
 his hainous Treason to requite.

And after came into this Land,
 towards fair Phillis, Lady bright,
 For love of whom I travell'd far,
 to try my Man-hood and my Might: *

Guy Earl of Warwick.

But when I had espoused her,
I staid with her but forty Days,
But there I left this Lady fair,
and then I went beyond the Seas.

All clad in Gray in Pilgrim sort,
my Voyage from her I did take,
Unto that blessed holy Land,
for Jesus Christ my Saviour's sake :
Where I Earl Jonas did redeem,
and all his Sons which were fifteen,
Who with the cruel Sarazen,
in Prison for long time had been.

I slew the Gyant Amarant,
in Battle fiercely Hand to Hand ;
And doughty Barknard killed I,
the mighty Duke of that same Land :
Then I to England came again,
and here with Colbron fell I fought,
An ugly Giant, which the Danes
had for their Champion hither brought.

I overcome him in the Field,
and slew him dead right valliantly ;
Where I the Land did then redeem
from Danish Tribute utterly ;
And after wards I offered up
the Use of Weapons solemnly
At Winchester, whereas I fought
in sight of many far and nigh.

In Windsor-forrest I did slay
 a Boar of passing Might and Strength,
 The like in England never was,
 for Hugeness both in Breadth and Length,
 Some of his Bones in Warwick yet
 within the Castle there doth lye;
 One of his Shield-bones to this Day
 hangs in the City of Coventry.

On Dunsemore-beath I also slew
 a monstrous wild and cruel Beast,
 Call'd the Dun-cow of Dunsmore-beath,
 which many People had oppress;
 Some of her Bones in Warwick yet
 still for a Monument doth lie,
 Which unto every Looker's View,
 as wondrous strange they may espy.

And the Dragon in the Land,
 I also did in fight destroy,
 Which did both Men and Beasts oppress.
 and all the Country sore annoy:
 And then to Warwick came again,
 like Pilgrim poor, and was not known,
 And there I liv'd a Hermit's Life,
 a Mile and more out of the Town.

Where with my Hand I hew'd a House
 out of a craggy Rock of Stone;
 And lived like a Palmer poor,
 within that Cave my self alone;

And

And daily come to beg my Ford
 of Phillis at my Castle gate,
 Not known unto my loving Wife,
 who daily mourned for her Mate.

Till at the last I fell sore sick,
 yea, sick so sore that I must dye,
 I sent to her a Ring of Gold,
 by which she knew me presently;
 Then she repaired to the Cave,
 before that I gave up the Ghost,
 Herself clos'd up my dying Eyes,
 my Phillis fair, whom I lov'd most.

Thus dreadful Death, did me arrest,
 to bring my Corpse unto the Grave,
 And like a Palmer dyed I,
 whereby I hope my Soul to save:
 My Body in Warwick yet doth lye,
 though now it is consum'd to Mould;
 My Statute was engraven in Stone,
 this present Day you may behold.

F I N I S.